

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 18, 1978

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14 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Vantage.

11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Merit.

11 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one Kent Golden Lights.

6 Carltons, Box or Menthol, have less tar than one True.

The tar and nicotine content per cigarette of selected brands was:

	tar mg.	nicotine mg.
Vantage	11	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7
True	5	0.4
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05

This same report confirms of all brands, Carlton Box to be lowest with less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine.



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



ROBERT CANTWELL, 1906-1976

Robert Cantwell died last week following a heart attack. He was a small man, sturdy and vigorous, with a round, gentle face, a quiet humor and an extraordinary intelligence that enabled him to absorb, interpret and translate into graceful prose vast amounts of information about any subject that captured his fancy.

He was 70 at the time he died, and his curiosity and energy had, if anything, seemed to increase as his years advanced. He was a formidable outdoorsman, in his 60s outriding men many years his junior on the wilderness trails of his beloved Northwest; he was equally content to sit motionless for hours over a chessboard.

His last major story for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, *Bird Thou Never Wert*, was a first-person account of an expedition to Mexico in search of the elusive horned guan, a bizarre, turkey-sized bird which Cantwell described as being "velvety-black with bright yellow eyes, its head surmounted by a tall, slender spike the color of ripe strawberries."

Along the mountain trails that eventually led to this rare Scussian creature, Cantwell's rapt readers were introduced to other exotics, such as the resplendent quetzal and the azure-rumped tanager, and to the mountain trogons that "often fly in pairs, fast and

fleetly in the morning, landing in a tree and taking off at once as though delivering urgent messages to someone hidden in the leaves."

Cantwell, who was born in Little Falls (now Vader), Wash. and greatly enjoyed reminiscing about his first job as a veneer clipperman in a plywood factory, launched his writing career in 1929 with a short story entitled "Hanging by My Thumbs." F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote to Maxwell Perkins, the celebrated Scribner's editor, "In the new *American Caravan*... is the first work of a 21-year-old named Robert Cantwell. Mark it well, for my guess is that he's learned a better lesson from Proust than Thornton Wilder did and has a destiny of no mean star."

Cantwell published six more short stories and two novels—*Laugh and Lie Down* (1931) and *The Land of Plenty* (1935)—that established him as one of the foremost "proletarian" novelists of the period. After the second novel, however, he turned to journalism. He joined *TIME* in 1935 and remained there, with short stints on *LIFE* and *FORTUNE*, until 1945. After the war he devoted himself to nonfiction, writing such scholarly works as *Nathaniel Hawthorne: The American Years*, and *Alexander Wilson: Naturalist and Pioneer*, the latter growing out of an early magazine piece for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, in 1956.

Bob Cantwell was with us during the last 22 years of his life, in which he wrote dozens of memorable articles, among them a portrayal of Cecil Smith, the Texas cowboy who became perhaps the greatest polo player the world has ever seen. When Cantwell wrote of Banjo Paterson, the virtually unknown author of *Waltzing Matilda*, he made sure that a colorful footnote to history was not going to be lost, at least not to *SI* readers. As he once said, "History is a natural resource, just as much as fossil fuel. It's what is there. We should not ignore it."

Bob Cantwell was a unique intellectual resource and a friend. We shall miss him.

Kurt F. Sullivan

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Sports Illustrated

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SCORECARD

Edited by WILLIAM LEGGETT

BEAR DOWN

The final regular-season AP and UPI college-football polls show unbeaten Penn State ranked first and Alabama (10-1) second, which should make ABC happy, because it will televise the Sugar Bowl game between the two teams on New Year's Day. It must also please Bear Bryant, because he can envision another national championship if Alabama wins. It's all very neat, very tidy.

Except for one thing. What about Southern California, the No. 3 team in both polls? USC is 11-1, and it has beaten such Top 20 teams as Notre Dame, Michigan State, UCLA and, lo and behold, Alabama. On the afternoon of Sept. 23 in Birmingham, the Trojans defeated the Crimson Tide convincingly, 24-14. Two weeks later USC lost its only game of the season, to Arizona State at night in Tempe. Any coach, Bryant and Penn State's Joe Paterno included, will tell you that Tempe on a Saturday night is no picnic.

The object here is not to discredit Alabama, but merely to point out that if the national championship of college football is worth anything, the situation this year demands closer inspection than it has been getting. To understand why the AP panel voted as it did, we asked many of its members to explain their reasoning. The answers were generally mystifying and emphasize the need for a playoff system.

Generally speaking, in ranking Alabama over USC, most voters chose to ignore the Trojans' victory over the Tide because it was "early in the season." One West Coast balloter even made Alabama No. 1 because he felt if the two teams played now, "Alabama would win because Bear Bryant would coach the pants off John Robinson." Another Californian made USC No. 3 because it was unimpressive in beating Stanford, evidently ignoring the fact that Stanford nearly defeated Oklahoma. A Providence balloter said, "Picking in these polls is a pain,"

but rated Alabama No. 2 because it beat Nebraska and Nebraska was highly ranked.

There is a suspicion among some voters that the reason Alabama is rated ahead of USC is that the Southern bloc deliberately downgraded the Trojans, although the AP denies that the ballots show any such manipulation. Perhaps the saddest commentary on the system of choosing a national champion, however, is that of the AP's 68 voters, nine neglected even to cast a ballot in the final regular-season poll.

KATZ GOT THE KITTY

Last Tuesday evening Pete Rose sat on the edge of a bed in the Orlando, Fla. hotel room of his agent-lawyer, Reuven Katz, waiting to see his favorite character on the CBS Evening News—himself. That afternoon Rose had announced at baseball's winter meetings that during the next four years he would be running out walks and sliding into bases head-first for the Philadelphia Phillies for \$3.5 million. But Rose and Katz were also in Orlando because Rose was being honored as baseball's Man of the Year. While awaiting his appearance on TV, Rose noticed Katz affixing a red Phillies "P" lapel pin to his favorite Reds tie. "No," commanded Rose, "put it on your lapel, where everybody at the banquet will see it." Katz did.

Finally, Walter Cronkite got around to Rose's signing. When a film clip showed recently deposed Cincy Manager Sparky Anderson praising his former third baseman, Rose's eyes misted. Cronkite then announced that Rose would not come under the new government wage controls because "he's a business unto himself" and Pete raised a fist in the air and said, "You tell 'em, Walter." Then Rose and Katz went down to the banquet room, where Joe DiMaggio approached Katz and shook his hand. "It was one of the biggest thrills of my life," says Katz, a native Cincinnati and longtime season-ticket holder to the

Reds' games. "He congratulated me."

Everybody should, Katz guided Rose's voyage through free agency in a manner that made it both tasteful and entertaining. For his work Katz will get between \$20,000 and \$30,000 instead of the agent's usual 10% or more. "I'm just a lawyer," he says. "I get paid by the hour. I also represent Johnny Bench and some others, but now I want to go back and practice law. I enjoyed doing the thing with Pete, but it was like raising a family. When my children were grown, I didn't turn to my wife and say, 'Let's start another family.'"

Oh, yes, during the banquet Katz removed the red "P" from his lapel and put it on his red tie. "Pete has never been known for his subtlety," he said.

NICELY DONE

Although he resembles his boy mother Fanfreluche more than his chestnut father Secretariat, it is agreed that there is



a special young thoroughbred wintering at Windfields Farm, some 40 miles east of Toronto. It will be about 18 months before anyone will really know if the colt can run, but already a lot of people know quite a bit about his bizarre background. In June of 1977 Fanfreluche, in foal to Secretariat, was "borsenapped" from the Claiborne Farm in Paris, Ky. in a still unsolved crime. A year ago, Fanfreluche was found on a small farm 150 miles from Claiborne, where she was being ridden as a saddle horse by a farmer and his family. He had come upon her standing on a nearby road and thought she was an unwanted stray. Returned to Claiborne, Fanfreluche bore Secretariat's son two months later.

J.-Louis Levesque, the prominent Ca-
continued

nadian financier and horse breeder who owns the colt, decided to let racing fans suggest names for the colt by means of a newspaper contest. He said he would look favorably upon a French name that alluded to the colt's prenatal adventures, so to speak. The winning entry *Sain et Sauf*, or *Safe and Sound*.

THE LISTENATHON

The *Washington Star*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *TV Guide* and *The Boston Globe*, to name just a few, have conducted write-in polls in recent years to determine how folks out there in print-land feel about television sports announcers. Recently the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* joined the parade. "The response to the poll amazed us," says Sports Editor Allan Malamud. "We got letters from 3,310 people, an amount we never anticipated."

On the network level the *Herald Examiner* asked readers to vote for both their favorite and least-favored announcers in three categories: Anchor Persons and Special Features, Play-by-Play and Commentary and Analysis. The top three vote-getters in each category were:

Anchor/Special Feature, Favorite: Brent Musburger, CBS (706), Jim McKay, ABC (623), Bryant Gumbel, NBC (566); Least Favorite: Howard Cosell, ABC (1,973), Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder, CBS (387), Curt Gowdy, NBC (355).

Play-by-Play, Favorite: Vin Scully, CBS (1,258), Frank Gifford, ABC (521), Dick Enberg, NBC (460), Least Favorite: Joe Garagiola, NBC (787), Chris Schenkel, ABC (488), Curt Gowdy, NBC (397).

Commentator/Analyst, Favorite: Don Meredith, ABC (798), Merlin Olsen, NBC (546), George Allen, CBS (400), Least Favorite: Jim Brown, CBS (520), Tony Kubek, NBC (297), Maury Wills, NBC (294).

FINDER ON THE PULSE

The embattled Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission, which considered granting a manager's license to hoodlum Frank (Blinky) Palermo until his lawyer withdrew the application because of press criticism last March, has taken a shot in the chops from State Auditor Al Benedict.

After inspecting records for the last three years, Benedict says the commission is violating its own rules and regulations, which are designed to protect

contestants from physical injury. For instance, the auditor says he "could find no evidence that postfight physical examinations were being performed, a violation of the Pennsylvania Athletic Code. And the root of the problem appears to be that the Medical Advisory Board to the commission, which sets the standards for physical examinations, had not held a single meeting in 18 years."

Benedict also questions whether some preflight physicals were given at all. For one card in Pittsburgh, the preflight physician reports showed that 15 of the 16 contestants had exactly the same blood pressure, and 11 of those 15 had identical pulse rates. A further strange coincidence: the reports indicate that every one of the 16 contestants had a chest X-ray in 1975.

GATOR BAIT

The University of Florida did a rather clumsy job of changing football coaches recently. Perhaps it was because the Gators haven't had much experience at it: Florida has had only three football coaches in the last 29 years—Bob Woodruff, Ray Graves and, since 1970, Doug Dickey. After the Gators lost to Florida State 38-21, it was a foregone conclusion that Dickey was foregone. But University President Robert Q. Marston left everyone hanging until the following Wednesday, when he was informed that Florida alumni had raised enough money to buy up the last three years of Dickey's four-year contract. The midweek announcement didn't exactly help the team in its preparation for its final game, against Miami, and Dickey went out losing, 22-21.

Marston meanwhile appointed a 13-man search committee, which came up with a list of 45 candidates. The search would have ended if Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz had accepted, but Florida hedged too long, and to quell the rumors Holtz had to promise Arkansas Governor William Clinton that he would stay.

By Monday morning, Florida had decided to hire Clemson Coach Charley Pell. However, the committee neglected to call off the search. At noon on Monday, Ron Meyer of Southern Methodist flew from Dallas to Washington to meet with a Florida delegate. When Meyer landed, nobody was there to greet him. He did spy the familiar face of Navy Coach George Welsh, though Welsh had been waiting for two hours to talk to the same man. When the delegate finally ar-

rived, he told Welsh and Meyer that the job had already been filled.

OFF AND ORIDLING

In Milwaukee there were front-page headlines five days before the game, in Chicago, TV stations were building up the game daily, and ABC even sent a film crew to a pregame cocktail party. Women's professional basketball became a reality last Saturday afternoon when the Chicago Hustle defeated the Milwaukee Does 92-87. It was a highly respectable debut, in Milwaukee Arena, for the Women's Professional Basketball League, which claims its eight franchises (Minnesota, Dayton, New Jersey, Houston, New York and Iowa, in addition to Milwaukee and Chicago) will have to average 3,000 fans a game over a 34-game schedule to survive.

Chicago's Karen Logan, an assistant coach and player, is guardedly optimistic. "I've spent my whole life playing basketball and not getting anywhere," says the 28-year-old, who spent three years (1971-74) playing for the All-American Red Heads, the female version of the Harlem Globetrotters, for a lousy salary of \$3,500. "The WBL can make it, but we need a product that's different from the men's game. We have to utilize our skill and grace. If we try to copy the brute-force, big-power men's game, we'll be a freak show. One fist thrown, and we'll be compared to the Roller Derby."

"We should never get to the point where a small, 5'7" or 5'9", woman can't play the game. To eliminate the quick, graceful player would be suicide. We need to emphasize the feminine, graceful movement and agility that so many people have found attractive in women's gymnastics. That is what is going to take to make the WBL a viable, salable product."

THEY SAID IT

• George Steinbrenner, New York Yankee owner, responding to Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's latest lament against free agency because the Yanks had signed pitchers Tommy John and Luis Tiant: "I don't agree with free agency, but it wasn't my leadership that created it."

• Dick Erickson, head groundskeeper at Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minn., asked what his job would be if the Twins and Vikings move into a domed stadium in 1981: "I guess I'll just scrape the bubble gum off the field."

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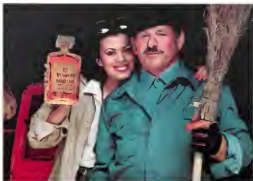
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Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 18, 1978





THE KID DIDN'T KID AROUND

John McEnroe, 19, played his best tennis and was on his best behavior, winning two matches as the U.S. beat Britain in the Davis Cup **by FRANK DEFORD**

The Davis Cup finals began last week in Palm Springs with people asking John McEnroe what he thought about Jimmy Connors not playing for America. The Davis Cup ended with people wondering who needed Jimmy Connors. McEnroe has never beaten Connors in four tries, and Connors may be No. 1 in the world, but after the U.S. won the Cup it was clear that John McEnroe is now the No. 1 player in the U.S.

The teen avenger was simply amazing, as he lost only 10 games in six sets to Great Britain's best, John Lloyd and Buster Mottram, and led the U.S. to a 4-1 win, which meant possession of the Davis Cup for the first time since 1972. What can we say of this masterful performance? There was not a weakness in stroke, in temperament, in strategy. McEnroe's shot selection was wise, his touch deft and his use of the whole court superb, especially for one so young, so brash and so often impetuous.

"It's incredible," said the handsome Lloyd, Chris Evert's *amantissimo*. "I have never played anybody, including Borg and Connors, who has been as tough and made me play so many shots. No one has ever made me look like that much of an idiot."

Lloyd at least broke McEnroe's serve once. Mottram never even got to deuce on the young American's service. The mealy 10 games McEnroe lost was a rec-

ord for the finals, lowering the mark of 12 that Bill Tilden set and Bjorn Borg tied. And he did it all, it seemed, at his leisure—"Like going out for a Sunday lunch," Lloyd said.

"Well, if John had played well, I could have, you know, played better," McEnroe explained. Gee, you know, he had a real nice time for a kid playing his first Davis Cup singles.

The Cup matches—and it was a magnificent Cup, brimming with excellence and plot turns—were marred only because the United States Tennis Association had turned the great bowl into a rich man's trinket, scheduling it at a desert oasis named Rancho Mirage, which is located somewhere in the great state of Southern Condominium. The U.S. team had gotten greedy and wanted just the right concrete courts, and the USTA had obtained a sponsor for the event for the first time—so, what the heck, they put it on the expense account. The USTA had a better offer to stage the finals in a real public arena, in New Orleans, a major Super Bowl city. Instead they took their premier event away from the hos pillos of one-house families, turned back the clock and returned tennis to the carriage trade.

But for the few who did show up, who put down their Bloody Marys and watched, it was a fine show, ending when Brian Gottfried whipped John Lloyd 6-1, 6-2, 6-4 in the redundant fifth match. The other American point, which was won when the outcome was still very

McEnroe was so skillful that his opponents Lloyd and Mottram won only 10 games between them

continued

much in doubt, came in the doubles, and what a lovely little war that was for the U.S.: 6-2, 6-2, 6-3 for the venerable team of Bob Lutz and Stan Smith.

"I suppose the only word would be impeccable," said Mark Cox, a member of the vanquished doubles team, finding the right word. Cox' partner was John Lloyd's older brother David, an emotional spirit who is given to collapsing in tears after supplying his Britain with a victory. He and Cox were virtually a pickup team, only thrown together for the two previous Cup rounds, but because David Lloyd had been so confident of British victory all year—"We all thought he was quite crazy," admits his brother—and because the team did keep on winning, the British came to invest Lloyd and Cox with a certain amount of magic. Moreover, because Lutz and Smith had struggled to beat a pedestrian Swedish pair in the Interzone finals, while Cox and Lloyd were whipping the redoubtable Australians Ross Case and Geoff Masters, the English faith did not seem altogether out of order.

But Lutz and Smith have been playing doubles together since 1964, when they were teammates at USC and McEnroe was five years old; they were a perfect 9-0 in Davis Cup play, and on Saturday they chose to play their best ever. It was not only how well they hit their shots, but for doubles aficionados their performance was also a breathtaking study of the art. They shifted almost constantly, and instinctively, rarely leaving a vulnerable piece of concrete open. Only once all day did Smith miss a volley, and nine times—eight by Smith—the Americans put away easy poach volleys.

Both Cox and Lloyd have strong cross-court forehands, and the U.S. strategy was specifically aimed at cutting these shots off. Smith and Lutz somehow formed a salient in the middle of the court, and obligingly the British hit into U.S. strength all through the match. The veteran Cox, an exceptionally keen player, appeared to realize early on that he was up against the laws of geometry as well as teamwork, and his aghast performance reflected that sad recognition.

The devastating doubles triumph would have capped a 3-0 U.S. victory but for the incredible goings-on of the night before, when the American second singles player, Brian Gottfried, gave away the most commanding of leads and was upset by Mottram. This match was, all

things considered—the stage, the plot—surely one of the more bizarre moments in Davis Cup history. It will be remembered like some farfetched desert legend, a tale of a lost gold mine up in the mountains, perhaps, or better yet, the Mad Match of the Half Moon.

Because it lasted only 55 games and a modest 4½ hours, it was not, as we conventionally measure these things, of record length. But in fact, the Mad Match transcended the hours, lasting through whole seasons. It began at 1:30 of a crisp spring afternoon, ran through a brief cloudless summer, and then concluded as autumn temperatures fell to near freezing, while citrus fruits and spectators perished all over the Coachella Valley. Only the moon was constant, beginning as a pale spot against the high blue sky, growing brighter as the play went on, and ending up as a leering golden eye.

Below, for much of the match, a crowd of perhaps 300 watched, huddling in the day went to dusk, the dusk to an amazing blue-velvet twilight, and the twilight to utter black. Presiding upon the court was the suave Mexican referee, Pancho Contreras, wearing a yachtsman's white pants and a midnight-blue blazer, and looking for all the world like some Ingmar Bergman metaphor for God (or for Bowie Kuhn, anyway). The only sounds came from the BBC radio announcer, babbling from on high into the ether void as if he were personally trying to bounce his voice off the moon back to London. Mottram—trailing 2-0 in sets and 3-2 in the third set—got his first break in the match when Gottfried clearly heard the British radio announcer say, "Maybe he'll serve a double," just as he hit his serve. In fact, Brian got the serve in, but, rattled, he bungled the following volley long to lose the game—before, in his understated way, he turned and tossed a beseeching look up at the voice.

A few more of the condominium people left: for goodness' sake, it was cock-tail time. This rare international competition, which this year involved 59 nations, and had been fought out in the great arenas and cities of the world, was being reduced to a barren absurdity. To keep warm, the surviving spectators began to stamp their feet and call out personal good wishes to the players. Davis Cup final! It was more like a junior-varsity football game, with only girl friends and parents in attendance. This intimacy seemed to affect Gottfried, because

he is a nice self-conscious person who performs most comfortably when surrounded by a crowd of quiet, polite spectators. More and more, Brian would play the early points of a game well, but then, as his coterie of pals called to rouse him in the clutch, he would tighten up, rush his shots, fail to hit through them.

Privately, the British were pleased when Tony Trabert, the U.S. captain, selected Gottfried for the singles assignment instead of either of two lower-ranked players: Arthur Ashe, unpredictable but still given to flights of brilliance, or Harold Solomon, always punishing in his indefatigability.

And now, by contrast with Gottfried, Mottram, who is a mysterious soul, immature at 23 and naturally defensive, seemed to grow under the desert moon. Long, pale, blond, all in white, he came to appear nearly luminous, striding about in his size-14 sneakers. Though he is 6'4" and capable of slamming the ball, and though both his parents were world-class

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN



British players—born to the fast grass—Buster plays the cautious, don't-lose style of a small, clay-court Continental.

Perhaps, until this very match he was too much under the sway of his father. Tony Mottram. Buster has been given to inner demons, to quitting. Once, in a junior match, up two sets to love to a vastly inferior Spanish opponent, he dropped his serve and came back to announce to the team captain, John Barrett, "I can't hold my serve." Whereupon, despite all Barrett's appeals to logic and emotion, Mottram continued to lose his serve for no good reason—and, at last, the match. "His father wasn't there and he had a death wish," Barrett says.

For the past two years, Mottram wouldn't play for Paul Hutchins, the British Cup captain, and when that row was finally patched up and he joined the team this year, he and the Lloyd brothers were so at odds that he and David once nearly came to blows on the court. In tennis, "Mottram stories"—usually relating to

his puerility and tastelessness—abound, on the order of Polish jokes, and he courted more serious opprobrium, even pickers chanting against him at Cup matches, by supporting the National Front, a racist neo-fascist group.

It was all the more impressive, then, that he displayed such calm and courage against Gottfried. Only 10 other men in the finals of the Davis Cup have come back from two sets down to win, and who knows how many of those—one or two, maybe⁵—also had to endure a match point in the third. Even before that, Mottram almost lost the third set in the shifting shadows of dusk that penalized the player on the east side of the court. Those shadows cost him the break the BBC man had helped him regain, and then Gottfried drew ahead 7-6 on his serve, then to advantage on Mottram's. But Gottfried tried a lob instead of a passing shot when he had Mottram on the ropes, and the Englishman just reached up and put away the overhead. Re-

proved, Mottram saved his serve, and went on and took the set 10-8.

As the fourth set began, it was strictly a night match. In the frigid desert air, the court was slower, the balls heavier, and all this worked to Mottram's advantage, for now he could chase Gottfried about with his classic slow-count ground strokes. Staying with his own style, Gottfried continued to rush the net, even after second serves—which was all too often, because he kept missing on first service. His most potent weapon, the volley, betrayed him, and he lost the fourth set with a succession of volley errors. The crucial breaks in the final set followed the same pattern: missed first serves, good Mottram returns off the second, bad volleys. Whenever Brian had a chance to recover, his backhand—now pushed at, rather than swung out—failed him.

When Mottram closed him out 6-3, the British hugged Buster and whoever else was available upon the court, while in the stands the fans waved Union Jacks in the pitch darkness and sang *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*.

"A match like this could only have happened in the Davis Cup," Paul Hutchins said. "It couldn't even happen at Wimbledon or Flushing Meadows."

And almost surely he was right. It doesn't matter that this most stirring and symbolic Davis Cup match was won by the losing team. Britain and the U.S. played the first Davis Cup matches in 1900, and while until now they had not met in a final since 1937, the first two nations of tennis showed their lasting quality. Mottram's victory will never be forgotten for being so extraordinary: the triumph of Smith and Lutz will stand as the apex of their brilliant doubles career; and if McEnroe is as special a talent as he appears, the 1978 Davis Cup will forever be celebrated as the instant when he first took his game preeminent upon a world stage. But then . . .

An English visitor took out his cigarettes and, emboldened by another whiskey, forgot about being polite. "In a bloody desert," he said bitterly. "A bloody resort conversation piece. Would we put it on in a beach pavilion in Cornwall? Would we take it to Bermuda and make it into a reception in the Governor's garden? Two hundred people watching the Davis Cup final—and half of them flown from England. Your players deserve the Cup. Well and good America doesn't. Sorry."

END

The U.S. doubles team of Smith and Lutz ran their undefeated record in Davis Cup play to 10 straight.



THEY FLUNKED FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Home-grown and rated No. 1, Indiana took a 2-0 lesson from San Francisco's outlanders in the NCAA soccer final. The odd thing was the way the Dons won the title: by taking over the Hoosiers' game and beating them at it **by J. D. REED**

In cold and blustery Tampa Bay Stadium last Sunday afternoon, with only 14:17 gone in the first half of the game for the NCAA Division I soccer championship, the University of San Francisco's 6' 3" Norwegian center forward, Dag Olavsen, took a header from his Nigerian teammate, Alex Nwosu, wheeled quickly toward the Indiana goal and from a few yards out boomed home a shot past Keeper John Putna of Chicago. That settled, for this year at least, the perennial argument between those who advocate recruiting foreign soccer players of great skill and those who believe in developing home-grown talent. By the end of the game, the score was USF 2, internationalism 2, Indiana and the all-American boys 0.

When Indiana (22-1), ranked No. 1, took on USF (26-1), ranked No. 2—but a three-time NCAA champ and playing in its fourth title game in as many years—it looked like an encounter between the heroes of *Animal House* and a United Nations committee. While only one Hoosier was born outside the country—star Striker Angelo DiBernardo (SF Oct. 23) in Argentina—all but one of USF's usual starting lineup first saw the light of day in such disparate places as Nigeria, Liberia, Guyana, Surinam, Norway, Greece and Brazil. This dichotomy further fueled the fire of the U.S. vs. foreign players controversy that extends in one way or another from the North American Soccer League down into the high schools.

For the NCAA, however, the match was a dream game. For the first time in the history of the championship, the nation's four top-ranked squads had made it through the often whimsical maze of regional eliminations to arrive in Tampa. They brought with them a combined 82-2-1 record. There were no dark horses, Cinderellas or flukes.

Before USF and Indiana met, each had handily won its semifinal game on Saturday. Third-ranked Clemson's magnifi-



The Dons were first to the ball most of the day. Here Hoosier Rudy Glenn tackles Boar Andersen.

cent Nigerian forwards had put on a dazzling display of ball-handling to lead San Francisco 1-0, but the Dons whacked home two quick goals near the end of the first half to win 2-1. In the other half of the draw, in a contest that was so physical it could have provided footage for a bad movie about English soccer, the Hoosiers outgalloped and outshouldered fourth-ranked Philadelphia College of Textiles and Science, a small, street-wise soccer power. By the end of the 2-0 match, Textile had drawn three yellow cards and one ejection.

"We're by far the better side," said Steve Negroesco, the 54-year-old high school biology teacher, gourmand and philosopher who was concluding his 17th season as USF's parttime coach, for which he is currently paid the princely sum of \$5,000 a year. Next season the Romanian-American will finally become USF's full-time coach. "The NCAA wants Indiana to win this year," he said. "It's Breakfast of Champions time in the Midwest. What are we to them? An embarrassment. We're predominantly foreign. But that's the way you build a national soccer power in U.S. colleges today. American kids just don't have the talents yet."

When his USF players visited the *It's a Small World* ride at Disney World on Friday, what delighted them most about the exhibit was that each of 25 countries was represented by a puppet singing the title tune in its native language. Whenever they heard a familiar tongue they cheered.

There's no love lost between Negroesco and Indiana's coach, the calm and very American Jerry Yeagley. In 1976 the Dons whipped unheralded Indiana 1-0 in the final. Last year, the two teams were 1-1 against each other in regular-season play, but Indiana failed to make the final four. This past September, in a bitter contest in which two USF players were ejected, Indiana held on to a 2-1 lead to beat the Dons.

"Yeagley's tactic is the one he has to use with mediocre American players," said Negroesco. "The name of his game is substitutions. What his kids lack in finesse, they can make up by burning themselves out for a few minutes. Then

they are replaced." On Saturday, for instance, Indiana substituted more than 20 times, well above the average of most top college teams. "He can even bring them back in. That's the college unlimited rule. It's not soccer, which is a paced, 90-minute game that internationally allows only two subs. He just grinds opponents into the ground with his depth."

"And they're big, corn-fed kids. Very physical and subtle at fouls. They look so clean-cut, I guess referees can't believe they're breaking rules. It makes other teams retaliate and get players thrown out of the game."

"And cramps" Indiana always seems to get cramps when their opponents are threatening. It stops the game in college. Pfui! But we'll win and the NCAA will have a red face again."

Yeagley responded calmly. "Steve thinks the NCAA is in a conspiracy against him," he said, "but it's not so. Foreign players in U.S. colleges teach the American kids a lot. USF is so skilled they can do anything they want. They'll use a 4-4-2 against us tomorrow, but they could use anything. They're the most sophisticated team in college soccer. Eleven of them have been on their countries' national teams."

"It's just a different value system. I want to develop the American player, and to do so I have to substitute. We're such hacks we just run till we drop. If Steve thinks it's unfair, he's the one who says winning is the name of the game. I agree. I draw from St. Louis and Chicago, he goes to Norway and Nigeria. When American kids get more skills, we'll cut down on the subbing. Meanwhile, I've got a championship to win." And with Yeagley sitting on the NCAA Rules Committee for soccer, changes in the substitution rules are not likely to be rushed along.

"We're the underdog here, rated No. 1 or not," said Yeagley. "Our only hope is to control the tempo. If there's sentiment for some kind of American win, it doesn't matter to us. We want it for Indiana. For us."

On Sunday, when a cold wave plunged the wind-chill factor into the 40s, 4,500 well-bundled fans shivered in the cavernous stadium while Clemson's Nigerians—all six of them—led the Tigers to

a 6-2 victory over Textile in the consolation game.

And then to cheers of "U-S-F! U-S-F!" and "Go Red! Go Red!" Indiana and USF began their philosophical debate. Astonishingly, the Dons came out playing Indiana's game of jarring, hard-hitting hustle, nearly always getting to the ball first and swarming over the Hoosiers' playmaking midfielder, Charlie Fajkus. For much of the first half they confused the issue with brilliant runs and created chances for goals by keeping the ball in the air and away from the first feet of Indiana's forwards.

Led by Norwegian Bjorn Dahl, who was easily USF's outstanding player, the Dons' tall Scandinavian defenders could play keep-away ball when they chose after their early goal. And very nearly as effective as Dahl was Eric Visser, a Dutch freshman who stuck to DiBernardo like epoxy, effectively keeping him out of the game and defusing Indiana's attack. Frustrated but undaunted, the all-American kids galloped about in vain, like commuters arriving at the station just after their train has left.

With less than five minutes left, Alex Nsoasi scored the game for USF with a chip shot over Putna's head from close range, and the debate was over.

A crushed Yeagley, shivering in the icy wind, said, "Between Dahl's play and having DiBernardo marked out of the action, we were done. They outplayed us at our own game of being first to the ball. But there's next year. And I'm not going to Norway for players."

Suave but hardly conciliatory, Negroesco said, "I still have an aversion to nationalism for obvious reasons. But there's a real rivalry here. We'll meet them again. Then we'll see."

As the awards were handed out to the players of both teams, an Indiana fan yelled, "Hooray for the only all-American team, you're the best!"

Godwin Odiye, a USF midfielder from Nigeria, yelled back, "Certainly! But you are not the champions! It is us!" He grinned, waving his arm at the yellow-and-green-clad USF squad, which was bubbling happily away in several languages. This year, at least, the victory banquet will not have Wheaties for an entrée.



With the Bruins' defense weak in the middle, Tripucka made many memorable strolls down the line.

ANOTHER IRISH ROAST OUT ON THE COAST

With Rich Branning, a Southern California émigré, and Kelly Tripucka leading the way, Notre Dame won its third game in a row at UCLA by LARRY KEITH

Stop me if you've heard this one, but Notre Dame beat UCLA by three points in Pauley Pavilion last Saturday night. Because this is the third straight season that the game in Los Angeles between the Irish and Bruins has ended with Notre Dame on top, Coach Digger Phelps told his players afterward, "You own this town." Not only did the Irish enthusiastically agree, but the sheriff of Los Angeles County, Peter Pitchess, who was standing in the dressing room at the time, made no move to arrest Phelps for boasting without a permit.

Clearly, all the evidence is in Notre Dame's favor. Last week's victory, an 81-78 thriller, was not only the Irish's third straight in Pauley Pavilion, where UCLA's record is 204-7. It was also Notre Dame's third win in a row in the annual home-and-home series and its fifth in the last six meetings between the teams. Since 1974, the Bruins have been 130-13 against the rest of the universe and 4-7 against that little old Catholic school in South Bend, Ind.

The Irish won last week because junior Guard Rich Branning and sophomore Forward Kelly Tripucka exploited the Bruins' weak middle for 21 points each, either driving for baskets or drawing fouls while slithering toward the hoop. After the strongest facet of UCLA's game—its press—had brought it from 13 points behind to a 62-62 tie with 6:30 remaining, Branning and Tripucka combined for 15 of Notre Dame's last 19 points. For Branning it was only the latest in a string of clutch performances against the Bruins. And it was enjoyed by 25 relatives and friends from his nearby hometown of Huntington Beach.

"When I made my recruiting visit to Notre Dame three years ago," Branning says, "the last thing coach Phelps told me before I got on the plane to come home was, 'I want you to come here and beat UCLA.' That made an impression on me, because as a kid I grew up on UCLA basketball. Playing there was all I dreamed about, but when I finally chose my college, I picked Notre Dame. I felt it had the best combination of academics and athletics."

Branning was only 14 years old and still an unquestioning Bruin fan when Phelps brought his first Notre Dame team to Los Angeles. That was seven years ago, back when UCLA was hanging up national championship banners as fast as

Nell Wooden could stitch them. Phelps still talks about that visit, but without any fondness. Only four days before, the Irish had lost to Indiana by 65 points, and UCLA, it seemed, might win by 100. To illustrate that fact, a Los Angeles newspaper printed a picture of a gas chamber with the caption NATIONAL TELEVIEWED EX-ECTION. Sure enough, Notre Dame was put away, 114-56.

In the following years Phelps made each game against UCLA a holy crusade and the standard by which he judged the success of his program. He read everything he could find about John Wooden and began keeping a thick notebook of UCLA's offensive and defensive strategies. Finally, in South Bend on Jan. 19, 1974, Notre Dame ended the Bruins' record 88-game unbeaten streak, and on Dec. 11, 1976 the Irish became the first and only non-conference team to overcome the perils of Pauley.

"It took a long time, but we've finally caught up with them," Phelps said last Friday night. He was sitting in a car that was taking him to a high school game in Los Angeles. "Guys like Branning and Bill Laumber, who played not far from here at Palos Verdes High, have helped us neutralize the UCLA myth. They played against many of the Bruin players in high school, so they aren't awed." Indeed, the two finalists in the California Interscholastic Federation's southern championship four years ago were Branning's and Laumber's teams. Palos Verdes, the winner, had reached the finals by defeating a Verbum Dei squad that featured UCLA's current stars. David Greenwood and Roy Hamilton. Greenwood and Hamilton visited Notre Dame, too, but they chose to stay home where it is warm and play for the Bruins.

"I can't figure out why Rich wanted to go from the beach to all that bad weather," Greenwood says. "When Roy and I went there, it was raining and lightning and the wind was blowing. Then somebody told me there was a tornado watch, and I said, 'Get me out of here.'"

That is the way Greenwood probably felt about Southern California last week as temperatures dropped to record lows and a few snowflakes fell. When the Irish left Indiana there had been the usual two-inch white carpet on the ground, so Phelps figured that even the weather was in his favor.

Despite what recent Notre Dame-UCLA games, local air masses—and

common sense—seemed to suggest, the Bruins were favored. Although both teams had won their first three games by wide margins, No. 2 UCLA was a four-point choice over No. 3 Notre Dame. Obviously it was an important game for both schools, even if Bruin Coach Gary Cunningham was loath to admit it. "It's more important to them than to us," he said. "Woodenly," because they're an independent and we're in a conference." After a little prodding, Cunningham briefly let down his guard and conceded, "It will give us an indication of how good a team we have."

To the Bruin players, the game was more than a mere non-conference barometer. "I'm excited about it," said Hamilton. "Our ranking is on the line, and I want some revenge for last year." Greenwood added, "It's not just Notre Dame. I'd really like to beat Digger."

When Phelps heard about that before his team's Friday afternoon workout, he grinned and said, "If David feels that way, maybe I'll stay home." Then he thought about it for a moment and changed his mind. "No, if I stay home, nobody will be able to boo me." As Phelps bantered with a small crowd of students, the Irish order of the day became clear, be loose, be cool, have fun. There was nothing in Pauley to be afraid of. In contrast to the Bruins' no-nonsense preparation earlier in the day, the Notre Dame workout included high-spirited games of dribble tag and something called "Irish football." "We're an emotional school and an emotional team," said Laumber. "They're very unemotional, like a pro team."

Still another difference between the teams was their coaches' pregame approaches. Whereas Phelps wanted Notre Dame to be ready for anything UCLA might try, Cunningham preferred that his Bruins perfect their own style and not worry much about their opponent's. Here again, Cunningham was borrowing from his mentor, Wooden. That only works, however, when the manpower is decidedly in your favor. This year UCLA is weak at center and at the forward opposite Greenwood, which makes the Bruins easy prey for an aggressive, board-pounding team like the Irish.

One thing UCLA can do exceptionally well is press, and that is exactly what it did to eat away the 13-point lead Notre Dame had with 13:13 to go in the game. But no sooner had the Bruins tied the

score than Tripucka powered inside for a three-point play. Half a minute later he went to the foul line for two of his 11 straight successful free-throw attempts. In the closing minutes, as had been the case all night, when the Bruins had to work out of their set offense, they were unable to penetrate Notre Dame's zone, and only Guard Brad Holland showed he could shoot over it. Still, because it repeatedly got breakaways off its press, UCLA might have won had not Notre Dame's Stan Wilcox extended a one-point lead to three with a couple of free throws 15 seconds before the final buzzer.

The game was over, but one question remained. What did it all mean? Holland who led UCLA with 21 points on 10-for-13 shooting, disagreed with the notion that Notre Dame has a whammy over the Bruins. "We have just as much talent as they do," he said. "It just happened the same way again." Cunningham reminded everyone that, despite what the score said, "The game was good for us, because it helped us prepare for the conference." And, after all, he added, "That's the main purpose of the game."

Maybe next year UCLA will decide that the main purpose of the game is to beat Notre Dame. The time has long since passed when the Bruins can walk onto their home floor and defeat a good opponent just by showing up. The only team that can do that in Pauley these days is Notre Dame.

END

Branning celebrated a 21-point homecoming.



LI'L ABNER FINALLY MAKES IT BIG

When Pittsburgh won two Super Bowls, Terry Bradshaw was praised primarily for his strong arm, but this season there's no denying his arrival as a play caller and the leader of the Steelers. Now they could win it all again **by RON FIMRITE**

Terry Bradshaw watched the dying rays of a December sun shimmer on the pond beyond the forest of hickory and pine. As his feet, the Doberman puppy, Jessie, was menacing the miniature dachshund puppy, Rowdy, snatching up the tiny sausage of a dog in his powerful

jaws. "That's enough, Jessie," Bradshaw admonished. "Man, sometimes I think that big dog wants a piece of the little fellow. And Rowdy is my pal. If I had him up in Pittsburgh with his mama, Sugar, I'd never lack for amusement. But heck, there's no dog I don't like." Jessie loped

off, his tiny victim yapping after him in mock pursuit. In the fading light, buff-colored cows sauntered through an open gate, nodding uncomprehendingly at their master. "They're my babies," said Bradshaw paternally as they passed. "I love 'em."

He looked out over the rolling, green, wooded hills of northern Louisiana, blue eyes squinting against the pale sunshine. He wore a fringed buckskin jacket and jeans, and a straw cowboy hat sat atop his balding pate. He was a rancher now, not a football player, and his strong resemblance to the television rancher, Chuck Connors, was more arresting than ever. "In springtime," Bradshaw said in a soft drawl, "this is the most beautiful place you've ever seen."

Time, place and circumstance collaborated to give Bradshaw this bucolic respite. The day before, he had quarterbacked the Pittsburgh Steelers to a bruising 13-3 win over the Houston Oilers. It was a game in which seemingly everyone but the frequently injured Bradshaw had fallen in battle. The final casualty figures listed eight Oilers and four Steelers with injuries, some serious. On that bloody afternoon, the Astrodome could have passed for the Alamo. But two Roy Gerela field goals and a Bradshaw touchdown pass had emboldened the Steelers to clinch their sixth AFC Central Division championship in seven years and a berth in the playoffs.

As a reward, Coach Chuck Noll had given his battered legions an unprecedented two days off, meaning they had only three days to prepare for last Saturday's game against Baltimore. (The vacation hardly harmed Bradshaw. Playing in a snowstorm, and on a frozen rug, Bradshaw embellished his Player of the Year credentials by throwing for three more touchdowns—31 yards to John Stallworth, 12 yards to Randy Griesman and 29 yards to Jim Smith—as the Steelers pelted the Colts 35-13. They now have the best record in the NFL—13-2—and will have home-field, or perhaps home-ice, advantage in the AFC playoffs.) Because Houston is only about



Bradshaw has thrown 26 touchdown passes in leading the Steelers to a 13-2 record, best in the NFL.

200 miles from his native Shreveport, La., Bradshaw capitalized on the unexpected holiday by driving with his parents, Bill and Novis, to the 400-acre cattle and horse ranch he owns south of his hometown. "The ranch is medicine to me," he says.

Bradshaw has always sought regeneration in his roots. He was born and reared in this God-fearing country. He first achieved celebrity as a star quarterback and record-setting javelin thrower at Shreveport's Woodlawn High, and he set passing records at Louisiana Tech in Ruston, 80 miles to the east. For all of his national exposure these past nine NFL seasons, the North remains a strange and hostile place to Bradshaw. Northern Louisiana is where he can kick off his boots and, within the bounds of Christian morality, "let the good times roll." This is not hayou country, with its Cajuns and its New Orleans, for that is as foreign to him as the cold, uncompromising North. This is ranching and farming and Bible-thumping country, as Southwestern in most ways as it is Southern. "All these little towns have their rodeos and such," says Bradshaw's dad, a large, pleasant, gravel-voiced man. "After all, we're only about 20 miles from Texas." Terry Bradshaw is as much cowpoke as quarterback.

When the world is too much with him, he looks homeward. After a disastrous rookie season in 1970, he pulled himself together back home, vowing to "show em" next time around. And when, a few years later, not only his career but also the very foundations of his life seemed to be in jeopardy, he turned once more to the fundamental beliefs of his childhood, "rededicating" himself to that oldtime religion.

For a man thought by the glib and the uninformed to be simple, Terry Bradshaw has had a rather complex life. He was the first college player selected in the 1970 NFL draft and he became, thereby, famous overnight. Nothing in his upbringing had prepared him for such recognition, and he squirmed in the limelight—a frightened and bewildered star. His country ways caused him to be too quickly characterized as an Ozark like type, and his Bible Belt philosophy made him appear more foolish than sincere among the supposedly sophisticated. He tried and failed to conceal his naivete behind unnatural bravado, ex-

posing himself to even more ridicule.

He has been married twice, to a beauty queen and an international ice-skating star. He has acted in a Hollywood movie (*Flopper*) opposite Burt Reynolds, and he enjoyed a brief, not entirely unsuccessful career as a country and Western singer, a career he may well resume. Whatever he may become, now he is a football player who is having his best season, with a team-record 26 touchdown passes and 2,784 yards passing and he is at long last earning his due as

one of the game's finest quarterbacks.

Bradshaw has come some distance from a woeful beginning and a calamitous mid-career. The Steelers, who had not won any sort of championship in their previous 35 years in the NFL, had finished 1-13 in 1969, the season before Bradshaw's arrival. They had succeeded only in building a reputation as hard-drinking tough guys who could beat you up on the field but never on the scoreboard. Fans and players alike had become hardened to defeat. In Bradshaw, who

continued



Bradshaw rides his quarter horse Flying Bold Bars—nicka Bo—at his 400-acre ranch in Louisiana.



When separated, Bradshaw and his wife, sister Jo Jo Starbuck, read the same Bible passages

had passed for more than 7,000 yards in small-college football and had received top marks from all scouts, particularly because of an arm that could throw the ball on a line for what seemed like the entire length of the field, they saw a savior.

"When he arrived we were more or less desperate for anyone to turn us around," recalls Andy Russell, the retired linebacker who is now in the investment business in Pittsburgh. "Terry was portrayed as a magician who could trans-

form perennial losers into Super Bowl champs."

To acquaint the young Mandrake with his new teammates, Russell invited Bradshaw to a team party at his house. This otherwise friendly gesture had unhappy consequences. "Here he was, a rookie from the country faced with a bunch of cynical old veterans," says Russell. "You can imagine the scrutiny he was put under. I'm not sure a quarterback can ever become one of the boys—everyone, con-

sciously or unconsciously, thinks he gets too much credit—but Terry just wasn't one to go out and match those old Steelers beer for beer and shot for shot. He wasn't into that silly macho thing. Still, we thought he could lead us out of the woods. I remember I went once to hear him give a speech before a church group. He was what they called 'witnessing.' Well, I'd never been to anything like that, but as I listened to him I sat there wondering if he could somehow convert that religious fervor into action on the field."

Bradshaw completed only 38.1% of his 218 passes his rookie season. He threw for six touchdowns and was intercepted 24 times, hardly a magical debut. In the final game, a 30-20 loss to Philadelphia, he was sent in to punt for the injured Bobby Walden. "He was kicking from the end zone," Russell recalls, "so we suspected they'd be coming strong. They did. It was as if the flood gates had opened. They just crushed that punt. For Terry it was the final humiliation." Still, the Steelers finished with a 5-9 record, their best since 1966. It was small consolation to the shattered young quarterback.

"My rookie year was a disaster," Bradshaw can say now. "I was totally unprepared for pro ball. I'd had no schooling on reading defenses. They'd blitz me, and I'd just run away. I had never studied the game, never looked at films the way a quarterback should. I had never been benched before. I'd never even played on a team that had another quarterback besides me. I had no idea how important I was to the team. I'd never been to Pittsburgh, never even seen the Steelers play on television. We had another good quarterback in Terry Hanratty. He was an All-America from Notre Dame, and he was from Pennsylvania. He related well with the other players. He had polish. He was one of the guys. I was an outsider who didn't mingle well. There were no cowboys on the team, no one who liked to fish or do the things I liked to do. The other players looked upon me as a Bible-toting Li'l Abner."

He went home to Shreveport discouraged but not defeated. "All I could think about was, 'I'll show 'em,'" he says. "I was embarrassed I started studying this game. By the end of that year I'd lost all my confidence, so I psyched myself into getting it back. In that off-season, I worked and worked."

Noll and the other coaches were not as discouraged as Bradshaw believed

continued

Sugar, a dachshund, keeps Bradshaw company in Pittsburgh; her son Rowdy is back on the ranch





*Dewar's
"White Label" to all,
and to all a good
Scotch.*



Catherine Deneuve for Chanel

them to be. From 1-13 to 5-9 in one year represented dramatic progress to them, and as Noll has said, "Terry was always the guy with the most talent. There never was any question about that." When Bradshaw reported to training camp in 1971, he was startled to see his name first on the depth chart. He rewarded Noll's confidence by completing 203 of 373 passes for 2,259 yards and 13 touchdowns, a superb season for a second-year man. He seemed on his way. But he slipped slightly in '72, completing only 47.7% of 308 passes, and in '73 he suffered a shoulder separation and missed four games in the middle of the season.

In 1974 his troubles began anew. He was divorced from his wife of 18 months, Melissa Bahish, Miss Teen Age America of 1969, and in training camp he lost his starting job to third-year man Joe Gilliam. If an athlete's career is life in a capsule—youth, middle age, old age, all in a dozen years—then Bradshaw suffered a mid-life crisis at 26.

"I'm a Baptist, a Christian," he says. "I pulled away from it in that year. I felt a lot of guilt over the divorce, and I'd lost my job. I'd failed. I didn't become an alcoholic or a whoremonger, but I was moody and depressed and I drank and hustled women in bars—a total jerk having a ball. I have never enjoyed those things. I'd been a devout Christian for so long, getting away from it affected me mentally. The ton of guilt brought me to my knees. I guess you could say that God hit me and gave me a shot to the head, and no one threw a flag."

It was then, he said, that he looked back to what he had been—a young man who, to pursue the football metaphor, cared more about the Scriptures than the playbook. He prayed for another chance, although "I had a hard time believing God could forgive a jerk like me." Apparently, He did, for within a year Jo Jo Starbuck entered his life.

Born Alicia Jo Starbuck and raised in Downey, a Los Angeles suburb, Jo Jo was, like Bradshaw, both an athlete and a devout Christian. She had been skating since she was seven, and with her partner, Ken Shelley, had competed in two Olympics and skated professionally with the Ice Capades. Bradshaw, rededicated, saw her perform in Pittsburgh and immediately asked her out. She refused. Later, when she learned of his church-

going ways, she sent him tickets to her next show in Pittsburgh. They had dinner that night. He proposed after two weeks. They became engaged a month later and were married on June 6, 1976. Though their jobs frequently separate them, they communicate regularly on the road and faithfully read the same passages of the Bible every day. "Jo Jo," says Terry, "is an angel."

Freed of his guilt and self-pity, Bradshaw regained his starting job midway through the '74 season and led the Steelers to their first NFL championship, achieved by means of a 16-6 win over the Vikings in Super Bowl IX. The next year, with Bradshaw throwing 18 regular-season touchdown passes, the Steelers repeated, defeating the Cowboys 21-17 in Super Bowl X. The decisive touchdown in that game came on a 64-yard Bradshaw-to-Lynn Swann pass, a play called at the line of scrimmage when Bradshaw correctly detected Dallas in a safety blitz. He released the ball before he was hurled to the ground by a pack of Cowboys, and Swann caught it in open space. It was the sort of play-calling one expects from intellectual quarterbacks like Tarkenton, Griese or Staubach. But Bradshaw?

Yes, he is a smart quarterback, his unfortunate image to the contrary. Although he has been picking NFL defenses to pieces all year, he remains, in the eyes of the ignorant, "dumb." Noll, who is as outwardly emotional as a throw rug, bristles at any suggestion that his quarterback needs defenses remedially. "That's ridiculous," he snaps. "People who say he's dumb should look in the mirror." Bradshaw calls all of his own plays, often brilliantly. Roger Staubach, supposedly a clever quarterback, calls almost none of his. Bradshaw knows his enemies as well as Rommel knew his. When the '49ers foolishly tried to blitz him in November, he deftly threw three touchdown passes. He engineered a masterful 11-play, 80-yard drive against Houston that transformed a bitter defensive struggle into a clear-cut Steeler victory. Bradshaw is nobody's fool.

In his own mind, his weaknesses as a quarterback are emotional, not mental. "I cannot play well unless I'm relaxed," he says, "and sometimes, when I really want to beat someone, I try too hard. I really think, maybe for that reason, I'm a notch below the top quarterbacks. I ad-

mire Bob Griese, for one. He has that consistency and poise. By the time I retire I'll probably pick up at least a half-notch." Swann suspects that Bradshaw has not successfully separated his professional life from his personal life. He is having a terrific season now, because all is well at home, says Swann. And maybe this is all to the good. "He may be the healthiest of us all," Swann says, "because he is never two people."

Bradshaw is exasperated and hurt by the slurs on his intelligence. "It is a thorn in my side, and it always will be," he says. "I guess every quarterback has an image. Pat Haden is too short. Staubach is too clean. I'm too dumb. Pat could be 6' 3" tomorrow and they'd still call him a shorty. I could get a doctorate in chemical engineering and they'd call me dumb. If there is one thing I've learned about an image, it is that you can never get rid of it. I just can't fight it any longer. I have to live with it."

Bradshaw suspects he got his movie role because Reynolds, now a friend, felt guilty about calling him dumb on television. In their fight scene in *Hooper*, which required Bradshaw to hoist the actor off his feet and snarl insults at him, Bradshaw achieved a measure of revenge by ad-libbing, "Listen here, dummy, aren't you ever going to learn?"

Bradshaw's burly physique, his open face, his Prince Myshkin innocence may all have contributed to persistent misconceptions about his mental agility. Griese, smallish and bespectacled, looks like a quarterback. Bradshaw looks as if he should be rushing one. And yet, says Russell, groping for the right word, "He is really uh...well, vulnerable."

Maybe that is because he is more at home on the range. He is assured enough back at the ranch as he walks bowlegged toward his quarter horse, flying Bolo Bars, soothing the beast with a country song and some sweet nonsense. "My old faithful Bo. Remember our last rodeo?" You got second. I got third. "He turns to a companion. "I love football now more than I ever did," he said, "but I don't have to have it. There are other things. No one plays forever." He mounts his steed.

"You look right at home up there," he is told.

Bradshaw smiles. "It's a good place to be," he says, galloping off, by heaven, into the sunset.

END

MEET THEIR SON, THE WORLD CHAMPION



Mom is Jewish, Dad is Italian, and Mike Rossman—the Star of David tattooed on his calf—is the WBA light-heavyweight titleholder by PAT PUTNAM

Jimmy DePiano was plumped into a chair in his Miami Beach hotel room when the telephone rang. He spoke above the sounds of the surf coming from the open window, uttering another bad word. DePiano is a short but immense man, built the way Christopher Columbus said the earth was built—but with three times the equator. Sighing, DePiano pushed himself erect. "The damn phone hasn't stopped ringing since Mike Rossman won the championship," he said.

The caller identified himself as an advertising man from Chicago. The ad man told DePiano—who is Rossman's father as well as his manager—that a client just might be able to use the new WBA world light-heavyweight champ in a television commercial. But there was, well, a contingency. The caller from Chicago said he first must ask Rossman a dozen questions. And if all of the questions were answered correctly. . . .

The sentence seemed to trail off.

A thick cloud of smoke burst from the end of the long, fat cigar located in one corner of DePiano's mouth, and a

slow flush of anger colored his face.

"You kidding me or something?" he said into the telephone. "Tell you what. You ask me them questions and I'll answer for Rossman. I know all Rossman's answers."

"That will be fine," said the caller. "Now, Does Mike use an underarm deodorant?"

"Bleep, yes," DePiano said, his eyes widening. Angry he jerked the cigar from his mouth. "What the bleep do you think he is, some kind of a bleeping skob?"

"He uses a deodorant," the ad man said slowly, the way one does when writing something into a notebook. "Fine. Now, what does he use for his dandruff?"

"Dandruff? Bleep, bleep. Dandruff? He ain't got no bleeping dandruff. He don't use nothing. What the bleep kind of questions are you asking? Tell you what: I'll ask you three questions and—if you get all of them right, then maybe we'll do the commercial."

"What three questions?" the ad man asked.

"What, when and how bleeping

much?" DePiano shouted across 1,197 miles of telephone line. "When you've got those bleeping answers, call me back." And with that, he hung up. Crashingly.

"Can you believe that bleep?" said Jimmy DePiano, more amused now than angry. "He wanted Mike Rossman to tell lies to sell some product. Mike Rossman is the light-heavyweight champion of the world. Mike Rossman don't tell lies for nobody."

Mike Rossman, né Michael DePiano, is the All-American boy. He is half Jewish and half Italian, and handsome. He has a warm smile that begins in his eyes and seems to light a room. He is the kind of kid you'd like your daughter to grow up next door to, go to the senior prom with and, one day, to marry. (Except that Rossman is already married, and recently, at that.) Mike Rossman is only 22, but he wears his crown with casual grace, almost as if, like Prince Charles, he had been born to it.

Recently, Rossman reflected on his new role. It was during a break in training for last Tuesday's title defense, his first, against European champ Aldo Traversaro. "When you think of a champion, you think of a man fighting in the ring," he said. "But there is more. A whole lot more."

Rossman was stretched out on a rumpled bed in an unpretentious Philadelphia hotel room he shared with his younger brother Andy. Jimmy DePiano was hovering nearby. The new champion recalled a conversation with a friend last Sept. 15 in New Orleans. It had occurred a few hours after Rossman had stopped Victor Galindez in the 13th round to win the title. The friend was Dr. Leonard Stan of Miami.

They had met after the fight, and Stan had given Rossman a long, thoughtful look. Then he had said, "You're no longer Mike Rossman."

Startled, Rossman asked him what he meant by that.

"Yesterday you were Mike Rossman," Stan said. "Today and every day after, you belong to the people."

Rossman admitted it had taken him a few days before he was able to under-

Rossman hit his stride after converting himself from a cute counterpuncher into the big banger

stand what it was that Stan had meant.

"I was in a bar somewhere," he said. "I just wanted a few beers. That's all I drink. But I like one or two sometimes. The people in the bar knew who I was. They were giving me funny looks. I could almost hear the rumor spreading. Well, he's the champion and there he is, juicing it up. I got out of there in a hurry and I haven't been in a bar since."

"I still like a couple of beers now and then. But if I want them, I buy them in a store and I take them home and drink them. Being champion, it's a heavy responsibility. It is to me, anyway. I want to show I can be a champion in public as well as a champion in the ring."

As a youngster growing up, first in South Philadelphia and later in Turnersville, N.J., Mike DePiano's only battle was with the fat that was broadening his short

body. By the time he was 15 and about to begin his first year of high school, he was 5' 8" and weighed 160 pounds, and not much of that was solid.

His father was running a gym in nearby Pleasantville, a place called the Seven Champs. Sometimes Joe Frazier and Ken Norton trained there. A tough and scarred ex-street fighter, Jimmy DePiano has spent most of his 56 years running a saloon or a gym. Sometimes he managed fighters. The best of them was Slim Jim Robinson, a onetime middleweight and light-heavyweight who had trouble getting fights because of a right hand that could punch holes in bank vaults.

"Mike had been going to gyms with me all his life," Jimmy DePiano says, "but he never gave no sign he wanted to be a fighter. Then one day as I was leaving for the gym, he showed up with a little bag in his hand. I said, 'What's that

for?' He told me he wanted to work out a little to get rid of some of his fat."

"The last thing I wanted to be was a fighter," Rossman says, recalling those years. "I'd watched those guys train and fight. I didn't want any part of it. That first day in the gym, everybody laughed at me. But I kept going back."

DePiano fingers one of the golden chains hanging from his neck. "Mike was a natural from the start," he says. "All of my life I'd been looking for a great fighter, and here I had one growing up in my own house. I began to show him a few things. He began to get interested. Then I began to get interested."

As Rossman's interest grew, so did his curiosity. He wondered, often aloud in front of his father, how he would do against another fighter. One day his father said, "You want to find out? There's only one way. Fight."

continued



An amateur bout was arranged. But there was another battle at home. "I was upset from the beginning," says Celia Rossman DePiano, the champion's mother. "I thought Mike would be a football player. He liked football so much. And I'd always hoped he'd be a doctor or a lawyer. But never a fighter."

As a gesture of appeasement, Jimmy DePiano decided that Mike should use his mother's maiden name in the ring. "Mike Rossman," he says. "It's got a nice ring to it. Then we had a blue Star of David tattooed on the outside of Mike's right calf."

"Everybody says we did it for the publicity, this Jewish Bomber thing. Well, we did it before his first amateur fight, and at that time we weren't even thinking of turning pro. Fighting was something Mike wanted to try, and he's been Mike Rossman from the day he threw his first punch."

As an amateur, Rossman threw enough punches to win 20 of 23 fights. One of the losses came in his final amateur bout.

"I fought this guy in his hometown," Rossman says. "I knocked him down in the first. I knocked him down in the second round. When the fight was over they raised his hand and gave me a loser's trophy. I figured to heck with this. If they're going to steal decisions from me, I might as well get paid for it."

On Aug. 10, 1973, just 40 days after his 17th birthday, with a forged birth certificate and a powerful right hand, Rossman knocked out one Sam Dawson in the second round. He made \$90. That same year he stiffened six more opponents.

"And my head blew up about three times its normal size," he says.

A problem of another sort was created by Carmen Graziano, Rossman's first trainer. He styled the fighter to be a counterpuncher. It was like asking Patton to use his tanks to transport wounded. Instead of attacking, Rossman fought from ambush. He won fights—and lost fans. As a boxer he was boring. After each fight the crowd would awaken just in time to boo.

Appreciated or not, Rossman won his first 13 pro bouts, nine of them almost accidentally by knockout. After a draw with Nate Dixon in Philadelphia he won his next eight. Then his career began to curdle. He lost his enthusiasm for training—and he lost three and drew one of his

next eight fights. Things were coming to an ugly head between DePiano and Graziano. They spoke to each other mostly in four-letter screams.

Just before Rossman fought Tony Licata of New Orleans in New Orleans in June of 1976, Graziano had a heart attack and retired. DePiano said it was just as well; he was going to fire his old friend anyway. "Carmen was a good trainer," DePiano says, "but not for Mike Rossman. He leaned more toward the boxer. Mike would win fights, but he wasn't winning the way he should. Or the way fans want to see fighters win. The fans want action. Lots of fighters used to bull Mike around. He wasn't aggressive enough. Sometimes, just winning isn't enough."

Temporarily without a trainer, Rossman took matters into his own hands. With only his father and his brother Andy in his corner, he lost to Licata. He sees it as one of the turning points of his career.

"It was the first time I had fought without a trainer in my corner to talk to me between rounds," Rossman says. "I didn't really know what to do. So I decided to just go out and bang with the guy. It was the first time I didn't lay back in a fight, and I loved it."

By most accounts, Rossman won the fight, but he lost the decision to three Louisiana judges. "I knew in my own mind that I won," Rossman said. "And I liked the way I'd fought. I'm a banger, and I should be in there banging people, not pussyfooting around."

After the Licata loss, Jimmy DePiano hired Slim Jim Robinson, his old fighter and a close friend, as Rossman's new trainer. It was a perfect match.

"When I got Mike, he was a counterpuncher," says Robinson. He says it with obvious distaste. "He'd sit back all night just waiting for the other guy to start something. I had to teach him to go forward, be aggressive, to take the lead."

In effect, Robinson made Rossman into an aggressive body puncher and a hooker who likes to mix it. With Robinson in his corner, Rossman won seven of his next eight fights, five by knockout, the other bout ended in a draw.

But his last knockout proved costly. In July of 1977 Rossman hit Marcel Clay so hard in the first round of their fight at Miami Beach that he tore ligaments in his right hand. He fought once more, winning a one-handed decision over Gary Summerhays at Madison Square Garden

Then he was forced to lay off for five months to give the hand time to heal.

While mending, Rossman discovered the good life. Signed to fight tough Yiqui Lopez last March, he was less than dedicated when he resumed training.

"It wasn't anything you could yell at him for," says DePiano. "He'd train. But he wasn't putting anything into it. And he wasn't getting anything out of it."

For five rounds against Lopez, Rossman was Rossman—and then he ran out of gas. In the corner after the sixth round, DePiano looked at his exhausted son and shook his head. "That's all," he said, waving his arms at Referee Pete Della.

"Dad was right in stopping it," Rossman says. "I just didn't train for the guy. I guess I thought I was so good I didn't have to. But for five rounds I beat the hell out of him. He was some winner, after the fight they took him to the hospital and put 23 stitches in his face. My punches chop people up. For five rounds I beat him good. But in the sixth round I could hardly stand up. I learned a lesson. Since then I haven't spent more than two weeks away from the gym after any fight. And I don't intend to."

His head once more reduced to normal size, Rossman began to train and fight with a vengeance. He knocked out both Lonnie Bennett and Matty Ross in two. Then he signed to fight Galindez for the championship.

Galindez is a short and powerful man, a brawler who fights well inside, he brawled so well that he had held the WBA light heavyweight title since 1974. The mean-looking Argentinian didn't expect many problems from his challenger, in spite of the fact that Rossman hadn't been knocked down or cut either as an amateur or professional.

"I'll kill him," said Galindez, an overwhelming favorite.

"Don't worry about it," Rossman told his wife Maxine. "You see all that scar tissue over his eyes? I'll open him up like a can of beans."

That was the battle plan Robinson had devised, beat Galindez at his own inside game. Go for the scar tissue over the eyes. Friends thought Robinson had gone mad. No one fights Galindez inside.

"It was beautiful," Rossman says, almost in awe. "Jim told me two days before the fight exactly how it was going to go. And the fight went just exactly as he said it would. The man is unreal. Whatever he tells me to do, I do."

Taking the fight to Galindez, Rossman chopped open the Argentinian's right eye in the second round, and again in the sixth. By the ninth round Rossman was in total command. By the 10th Galindez seemed to be looking at Referee Carlos Berrocal with a silent plea to stop the massacre. In the 13th, after Rossman almost dropped Galindez with a vicious left hook, Berrocal did just that.

"Mike followed the plan perfectly," Robinson says. "He fought Galindez on his own terms, strength against strength, and he chopped him to pieces. Nobody else could do that because nobody else can hit as hard as Mike."

Then the telephone callers began their incessant search for Jimmy DePino. Offers flooded in. There was talk of a fight with Muhammad Ali. Rossman was offered a small part in *Rocky II*. He did one commercial for *The New York Post*. Other commercials were put on hold.

"Hey, we're in no hurry," says De-

Pino. "Mike is going to be around for a long time. He can do anything he wants, maybe become a movie star. I'm proud of my son the world champion. Just as proud as if I walked into an operating room in some hospital and watched him saw off some guy's leg, or if I was in a courtroom watching him defend some bum for murder. He doesn't have to be no doctor or lawyer. He's the champion of the world."

Last week's opponent, Traversaro, was not about to make a false prophet of DePino. The Italian had a seemingly impressive record—30 knockouts in 44 fights and only two losses—but Robinson had another plan.

Before sending Rossman out for Round 1 at the Spectrum in Philadelphia, Slim Jim told him, "We'll hit him in the head later; first let's see what he's got."

What the Italian had was a long jab and a quick, if not powerful, right hand. And after four rounds, he was no worse

than even, while Rossman was bleeding slightly from the nose and mouth and from a small slice under his left eye.

"Enough of this," Robinson said. "Go after him now."

Rossman went to work. Both Robinson and the young champ had noted that Traversaro used a peek-a-boo defense under heavy fire. In the sixth round, Rossman snapped the Italian's head up with a right uppercut, then banged a left hook high off the forehead. The blow opened a deep cut in Traversaro's scalp. Referee Jesus Celis took one look at the spurting blood, realized that an artery had been severed and stopped the fight at 1:15 into the round.

"I'm glad he stopped it then," says Rossman. "It's not nice to say, but if he hadn't stopped it, I would have kept on punching. And the Italian would have lost an awful lot of blood."

Does that answer your questions, Mr. Chicago Advertising Man?

230

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LACONZO



Backing up the Jewish Bomber are (left to right) stable partner Tony Masetto; brother Jimmy Trainer; Jim Robinson; brother Andy; and papa DePino.



With a few notable exceptions, American Presidents have not been gungeho sportsmen while in office. In more recent memory, Calvin Coolidge waded trout streams, although rather improbably attired in a high starched collar, like was a demon golfer: John Kennedy was a dedicated sailor and a touch-football player of note—exercising his Presidential prerogative, he usually was the quarterback, and Gerald Ford stem-turned doggedly down the ski slopes.

In a quiet and inconspicuous way, Jimmy Carter is proving to be a bit of an all-round sportsman in his own right. Although he was a member of the Naval Academy's plebe cross-country team 35 years ago, winning his class numerals, he didn't run again until about two months ago, when he started jogging from two to four miles almost every day. Carter is not alone out there, of course; it has been estimated that 25 million Americans have become joggers recently. You would think they were all there on the White House grounds when the President trots out for his daily workout, so abundant are the Secret Service agents who shadow him from lone pillar to Southwest Gate post. So much for the loneliness of the long-distance runner.

Carter is 54 and slightly stooped, but appears remarkably fit and trim at 5' 9½", 155 pounds. "I never have been a really good athlete," Carter said, in a recent interview with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in the Oval Office, "but I stay in good shape, watch my weight and take a lot of exercise. I really believe that other than the solitude of hunting and fishing, the most beneficial sport to me is running. It's not time-consuming. I can go out and run, for me, a fairly fast two miles in about 15 minutes, or run three miles in 25 minutes, or take a slower pace—10 minutes to a mile—and run seven miles. Then I can come back in and go back to work shortly.

"I would say, during my first 20 or 21 months up here I probably played tennis more than any other single thing. I still play two or three times a week when it's not too cold, but I run almost every day."

Carter created a mild stir among his staff early in his Administration by personally attending to the schedule of the White House tennis court, something his

IT'S JIMMY, THE NO.1 JOGGER

This is not a political prediction, but the President is running again. He finds that the workouts keep him sound as a, well, dollar by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

aides now say he did only to avoid embarrassing staff members who might be on the court when the President showed up for a quick set with, say, Hamilton Jordan or Zbigniew Brzezinski. As a rule, Carter prefers to play doubles; he is a cut-throat player at the net and dislikes to lose. "I generally pick partners so that I can win about half the time," he said. "Without criticizing my partners, I would have to say that their ability is not outstanding." And he laughed.

Carter's interest in tennis dates back to his boyhood on the family farm in Archery, Ga. His father was such an avid player that he took the unusual step—for those times and that place—of building a tennis court right next to the Carter home. It was during that same period that young Jimmy Carter learned to hunt and to fish, spending summer nights on the banks of the Choctawhatchee and Kinchafonte creeks, "catching and cooking catfish and eels when the water was rising from heavy rains," according to his autobiography *Why Not the Best?*

"In 1972 when I was Governor I began fly-fishing," Carter recalled in the Oval Office, "and now I find that is by far the most enjoyable way to fish. However, at home we have a small pond where we generally fish with just a cane pole. Sometimes we do bait casting, with black worms, fishing the bottom for bass. It used to be that I could just pick up a fish-

ing pole and go down to the creek—I have a couple of canoes—where I could go fishing, and it was no big deal. But now you have the Secret Service and the news people tagging along, just a whole entourage when you go." Carter reflected on this for a moment, as if recollecting the tranquil hours he spent on the water.

"But the main sport that I liked," he said, brightening, "perhaps more than any other, while I was Governor, was white-water canoeing and kayaking. I haven't been able to do that since I've been President. [The President obviously dismounted August's rubber-raft expedition down the Middle Fork of the Salmon River in Idaho. The water was certainly roiling in spots, but the Carters were mere passengers than white-water adventurers.] When I left the governorship I traded my kayak in on a second canoe, but kayaking was one sport I really liked. My wife did also, on white water. I don't think I ever went down a river in a canoe that she didn't go. She never did go in the kayak, but she's a better fisherman than I am. She has her own fly-fishing outfit."

The President also enjoys skeet shooting, indeed, he has been something of a marksman since the day he shot his sister Gloria in the rear end with a BB gun for throwing a wrench at him. "I've always liked hunting," Carter said. "Before I was elected Governor I had hired

(continued)



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JIMMY CARTER continued

dogs of my own and went hunting for quail a good bit. That has been restricted pretty much, but I still go hunting several times a year when I'm at home on my own farm."

One of the sports Carter has had to give up since he came to Washington is basketball. The White House doesn't have a court of its own. "We had a basketball goal and a little place just outside the garage area of the Governor's Mansion," said Carter. "We played a good bit. My son Jack was a good basketball player." Carter himself was a forward on the varsity basketball team at Plains High School and went on to play intramural ball at Georgia Southwestern, a junior college that had no intercollegiate sports program. "As a matter of fact," he said, "without bragging, I made the all-star team that year I was fast, but I was small for my age. About the only time I was ever successful in basketball was when we ran a fast break."

"The high school I attended was tiny—I think I had 24 in my graduating class—so we didn't have football. Basketball is the No. 1 sport down there for small schools. Then in the spring, there was baseball, but generally I didn't play on the baseball team." Later, at Georgia Tech, Carter tried out for the 100-yard dash and the high-jump, but he never made the track team. "When I was a child," Carter says, "I huilt a pole-vaulting pit in my backyard and we used to high-jump and pole-vault. Obviously, as a child I had dreams of someday being a famous athlete, but that never did happen."

Since he became President, Carter says he has seldom been able to find the time to watch a football game from beginning to end, in person or on television, though he did attend the Washington Redskins Monday night win over Dallas on Oct. 2. Does the President have an opinion about the Mouth of the NFL, Howard Cosell? "Not that I would like to express publicly," Carter said. "The first time I ever met Howard Cosell personally, I went out to San Francisco when the Atlanta Falcons played the 49ers. Rankin Smith owns the Falcons, and I went out with him on his plane and met Howard Cosell. There was a very unpleasant argument. I wasn't involved in it, I was just a spectator."

Carter tends to avoid most spectator sports, finding them too sedentary for his taste, but confesses that he could watch

stock-car racing almost endlessly. "I used to go out to the Atlanta Speedway and ride in the pace car and be with the drivers during the preliminary review of the racing rules," he said. "Rosalynn and I have both been stock-car-racing fans since before Jeffrey [Carter's youngest son] was born, 25 years or more."

The President's affection for stock-car racing's interminable progression of lap upon lap may seem curious to a non-Southerner, but there is nothing boring about it to him. "That could be the case unless you had grown up with it and knew the racers and the pit crews and had studied the techniques of racing," Carter said.

"We used to take off from Plains, even when I didn't have much money, and drive to Sebring for the sports-car races. And the first year the Daytona Speedway was in operation [1959], we were there. We went down on a train from Americus, Georgia, with two other couples. I remember that Richard Petty's father—I believe his name is Lee—and a guy named Beauchamp used in the first race at Daytona. That was on a Sunday and we didn't know until Wednesday who had won. I believe Bill France, who owns Daytona—I think he just collected all kinds of photographs that people had taken of the finish with hand-held cameras. They had to get those films developed and analyze them before they could tell who won."

Carter has long been a popular figure among the drivers and crews at races. "They gave me good, friendly political support when I ran for President, whether they were Republicans or Democrats," he said. "Cale Yarborough had been a Republican, you know, when he was a county official in South Carolina. Now he has become a Democrat. And this is not the only progress he has made."

"Recently we had the stock-car racers here at the White House, but unfortunately—we had planned it for months—it happened to fall the last weekend of the Camp David Summer meeting, and I had to miss being with them."

Carter also swims, bowls regularly the averages about 160 and is planning to take up cross-country skiing this winter at Camp David. But his most publicly indulged sporting passion since he began seeking the Presidency undoubtedly has been softball.

The games began in the '76 campaign, while the Carter camp and the national press corps were in Plains following the

Democratic Convention. As a rule, Carter pitched for a team of unarmed Secret Service agents, against a media team called the News Twisters. Carter's team wore T-shirts that proclaimed them NEWS MAKERS, while the media people adopted as their slogan THE GUY WILL NOT WIN.

"His team was made up of a bunch of bionic Secret Service men," says Rick Kaplan, an associate producer for the CBS Evening News, "while our squad consisted of a bunch of guys who were great athletes in their day, but their day had long since passed. To give you an idea how stacked the deck was in his favor, their shortstop had once played Triple A ball, and all the Secret Service guys were terrified that if they messed up they might end up stationed in Ohio." What does "The Grim" have to say about all this? "That's just propaganda," sniffed Carter.

"In the beginning," says Kaplan, "Carter used to come out in denim cut-offs, black socks and tennis shoes. But we soon found out that the black socks were just a reflection of his taste in clothes, not his ability. He's very competitive, of course, so what started out to be a friendly game quickly became deadly serious. In the very first game we ever played, Carter's team jumped out to something like a 10-0 lead in the first inning. As we were walking off the field I passed him on his way to the pitcher's mound. He looked at me, smiled and said, 'What's the score, Rick?' Another time I hit four home runs off him in one game. Later he walked up to me and said, 'I just want you to know I let you hit the home runs because your family was watching.'"

"He was his team's self-appointed captain," says Curtis Wilkie, White House correspondent for *The Boston Globe*, "and he took it all very seriously. He's a pretty damned good player; he always knew immediately which base to throw to to make a force play."

"One time I was playing third base on Carter's team," adds Wilkie, "and someone hit a pop fly in my direction. It was well out of my range, but I gave it a little chase anyway. When I got back to third base, he was standing there staring at me, and he said, 'You should have had that one, Curtis.' I never knew for sure whether he was serious or not."

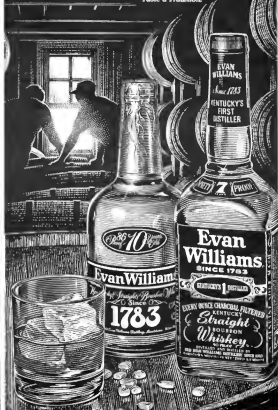
Kaplan, however, entertains no such doubts. "Carter really is a hell of an athlete," he says admiringly. "And he plays for keeps."

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There was less than half an hour before the game, and Bob (Slick) Leonard sucked hard on a cigarette, the filter tip clenched tightly between his lips, his eyes focused on something that wasn't there. The smoke from the cigarette floated out of his hand in a series of little corkscrews and formed a wreath around his head.

"Some nights it wouldn't take anything at all to get him started," says Hot Rod Hundley, Leonard's roommate when they played for the Minneapolis Lakers in the late '50s. "When he drank he got mean and after a few he'd tell me to give him a cigarette. So I'd try to give him one but he'd grab the whole pack out of my hand, and right away he wanted to fight everyone in the bar."

"Back in 1959, when Slick was captain of the Lakers, the two of us dropped by Buster's Bar in Minneapolis one afternoon. He saw this guy, this huge guy, and he decided he had to arm wrestle him. Slick was a hell of a competitor—drinking, card playing, arm wrestling, anything he did he wanted to beat you. So he went off to arm wrestle this guy, and I was sitting there having a drink when I heard a loud noise. I looked over and Slick was all laid out on the floor. The big guy had not only pinned Slick's arm, he'd knocked him out of his chair. I said, 'Hey, that's the captain of the Lakers lying on the floor.'"

Sitting there in the empty dressing room at Market Square Arena in Indianapolis recently, Slick Leonard looked like the man who fell to earth. The Indiana Pacers, the team he has coached for 11 seasons, were in the midst of a streak in which they would lose nine of 10 games. No one coaching in the NBA has been with one team for a longer period of uninterrupted service than Leonard, but Pacer fans had begun to grow uneasy and it seemed they might want Leonard's head. His pregame oration to his players was passionate, but not stirring. The players listened politely. When it was

continued

SLICK GETS IN HIS LICKS

Bob Leonard, the combative coach of the embattled Pacers and a legendary player of hoops and cards, nowadays needs every trick in the deck to keep pace

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over, somebody opened the door for them and they silently filed out.

"If anybody could get a team up for a game, it was Slick," says Roger Brown, a star forward for the Pacers during eight of the team's nine years in the American Basketball Association. "He was crazy and he wanted to win so much that he'd pick a fight with anybody he thought wasn't putting out. Mel Daniels, Bob Netolicky and I were all deputy sheriffs, so we always carried side arms. Some of the other guys on the team had permits to carry guns, too, and sometimes to ease the tension before a game we'd practice our quick draws on each other in the locker room. Slick would always be able to get our attention, though. He used to like to grab a hockey stick at halftime when we were getting our butts beat and try to start a fight with Neto or one of the guys. Those guys didn't scare him. Neto was his particular whipping boy; some of the time Neto deserved to be, but even when he didn't, Slick would usually go ahead and scream at him for our amusement."

You wonder about Slick Leonard these days, whether he wouldn't be happier sitting out on his front porch, a gin and tonic in hand, dredging up old stories from the wild and woolly days of the ABA, and before that the NBA—the real one, where men were men and those who weren't didn't make it through rookie camp.

Leonard doesn't dwell on the past, however; perhaps because the statute of limitations hasn't run out on all of it. But you know right away that Leonard fondly remembers those days, that his opinion of the modern pro ballplayer is not high and that he believes most of the fun has gone out of coaching. "There was a lot of camaraderie among the players you don't see these days," he says. "When I was in the league, I played hard. I loved to compete and I don't understand people who don't play that way. They say the coach should motivate the players, but that's impossible. If they don't have the guts and desire, they're not going to win. You can ride a thoroughbred but you can't ride a dog."

By keeping the Indiana franchise alive (three championships) during some of the drearier ABA days, Slick Leonard, as much as anyone, eventually helped bring about the 1976 merger that aligned the

Pacers, Denver, San Antonio and the New York Nets of the ABA with the NBA. CBS, Brent Musburger and the fabulous One-on-One Halftime Dunking for Dollars Show.

Few coaches have ever been as closely identified with a team as Leonard has been with the Pacers. The club's media guide announces on page 2 what everybody in Indianapolis has known for a long time. "Bob Leonard is the Indiana Pacers."

If Slick Leonard is the Katharine Hepburn of professional basketball—impatient, charming, stubborn, argumentative—then Nancy Leonard is his Spencer Tracy. Nancy and Slick have been married for 24 years, and when he was asked to be the Pacers' general manager in 1976, he suggested that his wife be named assistant general manager. Slick has always despised office work, and so for three seasons Nancy has run the organization's day-to-day operations. Few women in professional sports have achieved the front-office eminence that Nancy has. In fact, few NBA franchises have as many women in key positions as the Pacers, who have three.

When Nancy arrived at Indiana University in 1950, she met a boy named Charlie Crook. Crook was a friend of Bobby Leonard's, and one day during a phys-ed class he introduced the two. "I didn't like him at first," she recalls. "He used to stick his leg across the aisle in front of me when I was walking to my seat, and for a long time I thought he was a jerk." Eventually Leonard conned some girls in Nancy's dormitory into helping him get a date with her, and soon the two were going steady. Nancy was a serious student and at all times a very proper young lady; the day after she graduated from Indiana with degrees in physical education and business, she married Bobby Leonard, the original wild and crazy guy.

"It's a perfect example of opposites attracting," Handley says of the Leonards' long marriage. "When we were all starting out, they were the couple you least expected to make it." There were, predictably, memorable moments. Once, after a round of golf, Slick and some of his cronies began to play gin in the clubhouse—and occasionally sip some gin, too. The game lasted until six the next morning. By the time the last hand rolled around, the clubhouse was so cold that Leonard had thrown a tablecloth over his head

"On the last hand, Slick was down \$368 to me," says Slim Sumerlin, the executive director of Market Square Arena. "He said he'd play me double or nothing for the whole pot, then he won the hand. I offered to drive him home, but I told him I didn't know how to find his house. He told me he'd show me how to get there, then he passed out in my car. I drove around for a long time until I finally found his house. When we pulled into the driveway, Nancy was standing there waiting for him."

"Nancy is fairly straight," says a member of the Pacers' staff. "She believes in moderation in all things. Slick is the one excess in her life she tolerates."

Leonard goes to great pains to accommodate his wife when he can. Last year, at her bidding, he saw a hypnotist who helped him stop smoking. When the pressures of his job conspired to get him back in the habit, Leonard at first sneaked cigarettes when Nancy wasn't around. Even now he will periodically wander out into the backyard of their suburban home for a smoke, rather than light up in front of her. He also rather emphatically does not discuss the good old days much anymore, particularly when Nancy is present. Evidently he considers it unrealistic to hope that she will appreciate the swashbuckling nature of some of his more legendary ruminations, the theory being that women don't mind being married to Errol Flynn, as long as he isn't constantly bringing up his wicked, wicked ways over the Brussels sprouts.

"Bob is afraid to talk much about the old days with anybody but the fellows who were there," says Nancy. "He's afraid that those old stories will make them all seem like a bunch of clowns."

But if Leonard and his mates were clowns, then e. e. cummings was right when he said, "damn everything but the circus." The Dead End Kids, as Leonard, Handley, Elgin Baylor, Dick Garman and Frank Selvy were known on the old Minneapolis Lakers, played hard at everything. "In those days we all drank, smoked, caroused and played cards," says Handley, now a broadcaster with the New Orleans Jazz. "Hell, we broke every training rule there ever was. But we loved to play basketball and you had to practically kill us to get us out of the lineup. One time we stayed up all night playing cards, and the game was so good we never did go to bed. The next day we had a game against New

continued

York in the old Army that was televised on national TV. Slick hadn't been to bed for two days but he went out and scored 25 points. Afterward he just looked at me and laughed.

"Slick's hands always perspired," says Hundley. "He could run a deck of cards faster than anyone I've ever seen. Slick is a good gin player, but in those days we usually played poker—one-dollar ante, two-dollar bet. We'd play all night, and then we couldn't wait to get the game started the next day. We played in cabs, in the men's room at the airport, we didn't care. Sometimes the pots got to be \$300, sometimes more; but for all of that and all the drinking, we never cared about the money. Most of us were only making \$9,000 or \$10,000 a year, but at the time it didn't seem to really matter."

In 1961 Leonard was traded to the Chicago Zephyrs and the following year was named the team's player-coach. The next season the franchise was moved to Baltimore, and Leonard became a full-time coach after a series of painful shoulder separations ended his playing career. But in his first full season as a head coach he had a 31-49 record and he was canned. In 13 seasons of coaching in the pros it was the first and last time Slick

was fired. He moved his family back to Indiana and went to work as a salesman for a company that made high school class rings.

He stayed away from the game for four years. Then in 1968 he received a call from Pacer General Manager Mike Storer asking him to replace Larry Stoverman, who had just been fired. Leonard took the job as a lark, figuring that he would be back pushing rings before the end of the year. "I never thought the league would last," he says, "but from that time forward, my loyalty was always to the ABA and we never even thought about the other league. It wouldn't have mattered to me if the leagues had never merged, and as it turned out for us, joining the NBA was like committing financial suicide."

As a favor to Stoverman, Leonard had helped organize the Pacers' rookie camp in 1967, the year the ABA was formed, so when he arrived nine games into the 1968-69 season, some of the players knew what to expect. "I was sorry to see him again," recalls Roger Brown. "I knew what kind of disciplinarian he was from the rookie camp, and that was all I needed to know."

Brown was 26 years old in his rookie

season in the ABA, and for him the new league was like a rebirth. He had been formally banned from playing in the NBA because of his alleged involvement in a point-shaving scheme while at the University of Dayton, and though he was later absolved of wrongdoing, he never played in the NBA. Brown had slick moves and a soft shooting touch, and was once described by Leonard as being the Elgin Baylor of the ABA. But in his first year with the Pacers he never came close to playing as well as he was able to, and when Stoverman was fired, he apologized to him for costing him his job.

Brown seemed to be testing Leonard at the very outset, playing only in spurts, coasting when he could. Leonard, meanwhile, saw in Brown a potential star, but he concluded that to develop the potential he first would have to get the player's attention. Ten years later Brown still can't believe what happened next. "He left me off a road trip," Brown says. "I was shocked when it happened, because I knew what my ability was and I couldn't believe he'd actually try to get along without me."

"The team's next road trip was to Minneapolis, and I was so mad that I made up my mind every time I got my hands on the ball it was going up. Well, up it went, and most of the time it went in. We won the game, I went for about 30, and that was the start of Slick as the master psychologist."

Brown went on to become the Pacers' all-time leading scorer, laboring in the oblivion of a league without a network-TV contract. In 1970, when the Pacers won their first ABA title, defeating the Los Angeles Stars four games to two, Brown pumped in 53, 39 and 45 points in the final three games, and shot 63½ from the floor.

One of the changes brought about by the merger was the elimination of the three-point basket, which had been an ABA fixture but was considered too gimmicky by the conservative old NBA. Leonard loved the added dimension the downtown shots brought to the game, particularly late in the last period when all seemed lost. "Slick hated to go for a tie if it was possible to win the game with a three-pointer," says Don Hein, the Pacers' longtime TV broadcaster.

"He was the greatest coach I ever saw in the last minute and a half of a close game," says Brown. "He wasn't afraid of anything, because to him it was only



As Indiana's assistant general manager, Nancy Leonard is in charge of day-to-day operations

continued



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a game. The line he would always repeat to us in a crucial situation was "No tears, no fears," and yet Slick is a man who cannot stand to lose.

"One time we were down by two points with just a few seconds to play, and during a time-out Slick told everybody to clear out the side and let me take my man one-on-one. We all knew that there was no way this guy could stay with me, that I was sure to get the two and put the game into overtime. But Slick told me that after I had taken my man in deep, I was supposed to turn and fire the ball out to Rick Mount, who would be standing behind the three-point line. It was strange, but when he gave you a play like that, you really believed it was going to work. We ran it just like he told us to and it worked like magic. I don't know how many games Slick won for us with decisions like that."

When the merger was finalized, the ABA lost more than the red, white and blue ball and the three-point basket. As the ABA soon learned, the NBA gives and the NBA takes away. What it mostly took was a \$3.2 million entrance fee from each of the four former ABA clubs, all TV money for three years, plus the right to participate in the college draft the first year. Not only did this drain the cash reserves of Arena Sports, Inc., a group of eight investors that owned the Pacers, but it also left Leonard with a bad case of the shorts in the personnel department. Brown, Mel Daniels, Freddie Lewis, Billy Keller and Mount had all retired or been traded, George McGinnis had defected to Philadelphia, and the draft was just something the Pacers felt every time one of their creditors breathed down their necks.

In May of 1977 the eight owners decided that they could no longer sustain such large losses, and they announced on a Wednesday that they were filing for bankruptcy on Friday, which was payday for the players. Had that happened, all of Indiana's players would have automatically become free agents, thereby stripping the Pacers of their assets.

Anxious to keep its prime tenant, the company that controls Market Square Arena met the player payroll and began an intricate series of moves to keep the franchise solvent.

When all the figures had been added up, it was clear that to keep the team from folding, 8,000 season tickets had to be sold in June. But when July

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downed, only 5,300 tickets had been bought.

At that point a local television station suggested running a telethon to sell the remaining season tickets and save the club. The tickets were sold, time was bought, players with expensive contracts were traded for players who were willing to work for carfare, and Pacer officials said they could see "a light at the end of the tunnel."

As a competitive basketball team, however, the Pacers don't seem to be getting any closer to the end of that tunnel and the light is beginning to look like a 20-watt bulb even though Leonard ranks fourth in career wins behind Red Auerbach, Alex Hannum and Red Holtzman. Last summer, Leonard impetuously guaranteed 40 wins this season. He remains convinced it is still possible, but last week the Pacers were 10-15 and struggling to avoid last place in the Midwest Division. In what may have been the least slick move of his career, Leonard coined the team's official 1978-79 slogan—"Baby, we're due!"—which could go on to out-live even the 1977-78 Philadelphia 76ers' memorable "We owe you one." A local reporter has already suggested the slogan may have to be revised to "Baby, we're done."

The Pacers' problems haven't come about because the director of player personnel hasn't been trying. Since Sept. 1 of last year, Leonard has traded Forward Billy Knight for Adrian Dantley and Mike Bantom, Guard Don Buse to Phoenix for Ricky Sobers; acquired, then cut, the fabled backcourt man Johnny Nunn, who once mooned a startled home crowd while taking off his warmup pants, sent Dantley and Center Dave Robisch to Los Angeles for James Edwards, Earl Tatum and cash; traded No. 1 draft choice (1978) to Portland for Guard Johnny Davis and the No. 3 pick, which was used to draft 6' 11" Rick Robey from Kentucky; signed Forward Alex English as a free agent; acquired Forward Corky Calhoun from Portland for a second-round draft pick in 1980; and sent Tatum to Boston for cash plus the Celtics' first-round draft choice in 1980. That's trying.

Edwards, the 7' 1", 230-pound pivotman, is rounding into a quality player, though his defense doesn't impress all that many people yet. He was averaging 19 points and 8.7 rebounds a game last week, leading the Pacers in both cate-

gories. Davis is a razzle-dazzle performer in the backcourt, where he teams with Sobers, who led the Pacers in scoring and was third in the league in assists last year. What the Pacers lack is a big forward who can score and some capable backup players. Leonard has always substituted sparingly, but this season his bench has been reported missing in action.

Missing, too, are the pioneers who made the ABA what it now is—the NBA. Brown, who operates a car wash in Indianapolis, says, "When I go into the dressing room to say hello, Slick or Davey (Trainer David Craig) will usually come up to me and say how much they miss us, the old guys, pulling our guns on each other. I guess things have changed a lot in the Pacer locker room."

Slick Leonard was dressed in black slacks and a black pullover, and with a glowing cigarette sticking out of his face, he looked like a big lump of coal. Behind his eyes it was 1958 again and the Minneapolis Lakers' chartered DC-3 had just taken off from St. Louis in a cold mist.

"As soon as we got up in the air the plane's electrical system failed," he was saying. "We couldn't go back because of the mist, so we headed for Minneapolis. We were up there about four hours with no heat and no lights, and the pilot told us we were lost and running out of fuel. It got pretty scary. There it was three o'clock in the morning, and we were buzzing some town until pretty soon all the lights started coming on. We couldn't read the terrain, but the pilot thought he saw a cornfield, so he decided to try and set it down."

Hot Rod Hundley picks up the story. "They were flying the plane with the windows open in the cockpit," says Hundley, "shining flashlights up at the ground, hanging their heads out to try to see where they were going. Incredible stuff. One of the pilots ended up getting frostbite from sticking his head out in the snowstorm. When they started to take the plane in, Elgin got out of his seat and went to lie down on the floor in the back of the plane. Everybody else was just sitting there kind of quietly, saying their prayers, when Slick looked over at me and said something I'll never forget. 'Rod,' he said, 'if we don't make it, baby, at least we got to smell the roses.' That's Slick. He always did know how to smell the roses."

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He's again the hub of the club

Injured all last season, Phil Hubbard has made Michigan very robust once more

On the eve of their game last Saturday, University of Dayton Coach Don Donohue and his Michigan counterpart, Johnny Orr, were exchanging lies at a small dinner party in Dayton. Another guest walked up to the coaches and said, "May the best team win." "Oh, don't say that," moaned Donohue. Eighteen hours later, his fears were confirmed.

In winning 66-61 the Wolverines did not exactly chew up the Flyers but they showed that they are more than a match for even a very good club, which Dayton is. And by winning on the road, even though playing at less than its peak,

Michigan also showed that it might well fulfill the most optimistic pre-season predictions of its partisans—that the Wolverines would be a challenger for the Big Ten and, even, the national championships. "Yeah, I can see that," says Michigan Center Phil Hubbard. He and everyone else saw it earlier in the week, too, even in defeat. At Louisville, whose Cardinals are bona fide contenders for any title you want to name, the Wolverines had lost, but barely, 86-84.

The danger in predicting such heady status for Michigan is that it rests entirely on Hubbard's shaky left knee. Without question, the gloriously quick, 6' 7" Hubbard has all kinds of talent. As a freshman in 1975-76 he led Michigan to the NCAA finals and then helped the U.S. Olympic team win a gold medal, as a sophomore he paced the Wolverines to a conference title and earned a starting berth on the American team in the World University Games. "He was the best player in the country from end to end of the court," says one of Orr's assistants, Bill Frieder.

Then, in a game against the Soviets in Sofia, Hubbard hurt his knee. "I went up for a rebound and two big guys came down on my back," Hubbard says. "My leg gave out. Next day it swelled up." He rested for several months.

On the first day of practice at Michigan in October 1977, Hub-

bard's weakened knee crumpled as he tried to tip in a missed shot on a fast-break drill. "Rest a few minutes," said Orr, hoping the injury was minor. But it wasn't. Cartilage was torn and the operation needed to repair it knocked Hubbard out for the season. Orr called his staff together. "Boys, we just went from the top to the bottom," he said. Not quite. Michigan had a 16-11 record, very creditable in view of the circumstances, and finished in a tie for fourth place in the Big Ten.

After the Dayton game, the Wolverines were 3-1 against one of the toughest early schedules in the country. When reporters ask Orr how Hubbard is, he says, "Fine, just fine." When Hubbard is asked, he says, "Fine, just fine." But privately, both temper their enthusiasm. "He knows the things he used to do," says Orr, "but he can't do some of them now. Not yet. Before, his greatest asset was his quickness. Now, at least for a while, I think it will have to be his intelligence."

Following the action in Dayton, during which he was far more of a factor than his 17 points and 13 rebounds might indicate, Hubbard had his knee wrapped in ice as usual. "Sometimes it's a little sore," he said. Regardless, is the real Phil Hubbard back? "Naw," he said, "but I'm on the right road." Hubbard insists his knee is not preying on his mind, and his surgeon, Dr. Gerald O'Connor, feels that is the crucial first step to full recovery. "So much depends on attitude," O'Connor says. "A player has to have confidence in his knee after an operation like that." Phil's uncle, Nate Hubbard, says of the injury, "We don't cry over spilled milk. I told him what you've got to do when it's spilled is evaporate it."

Against the Flyers, it was clear that the process of evaporation is not yet complete. Midway through the first half, Dayton's Richard Monsieue took off on a breakaway with Hubbard at his heels. But

continued



The Wolverines' two-man offense: Hubbard (35) and McGee

Hubbard couldn't stay with Montague, so instead of risking injury and a silly foul by leaping furiously, he let Montague go. At the start of the second half, Hubbard got the ball at midcourt and tried to drive for the basket, but unlike the way it was in past years, he wasn't fast enough to get by his man. Two minutes later, however, his shortcomings seemed to vaporize when he hit a field goal with an off-balance, behind-the-head, twisting shot. And in an otherwise atrocious second-half offensive performance by the Wolverines that left them with only a 60-57 lead with 2:23 to play, Hubbard made two quick—make that very quick—moves that got him loose for a perfect 20-foot jumper. It was the game's deciding shot.

Hubbard may be decisive for Michigan just by being on the court, because opponents remember the old Hubbard, too, and they play as if they're afraid he will revert at any moment. And though Hubbard is still a step slow, he nonetheless plays with his old abandon. He crashes the boards, bullies the opposition, plays aggressive defense, participates in every fast break—all with barely controlled fury.

While a man of Hubbard's ability does not need much help—even he says, "I don't want to depend on others when I can do it myself"—his effectiveness is being enhanced by the presence of Mike McGee, a sophomore forward who considers his effective shooting range anything up to one mile. He's averaging 28 points a game, compared with Hubbard's 21, and a few of his high archers have yet to come down. But other aspects of his game, especially defense, are not nearly so lofty.

McGee was not heavily recruited, even by Michigan. "After all," says Orr, "he came from Omaha, Omaha!" That city may not be a trove of great basketball players, but as a freshman McGee proved he was a treasure, finishing second in the Big Ten in scoring with 21.8 points per game. "Having a player with Mike's ability means they can't sag on Phil," says Orr, And Hubbard, even somewhat slowed, can't be handled all day by just one defensive player.

To take advantage of both players, Orr frequently calls for a two-man offense, which doesn't exactly thrill the other three Wolverines on the floor. In it, McGee and Hubbard pick for each other under the basket while their mates con-

centrate on getting them the ball. "Those two are vicious under there," says Orr. They are, and opponents are just going to have to get used to seeing Hubbard and McGee running down the court slipping hands after yet another offensive dazzler. Hubbard, who is no more shy than McGee about shooting, says, "I have never seen a bad shot. I mean, I make a move and take a shot. How can that be bad?"

McGee and Hubbard hang out together off the court, too, and the other day at a Dayton motel Phil was complaining about flashcubes costing \$1.86. "They should cost \$1.56," he griped.

"You're a miser, man," said McGee.

"I'm going to get rich that way," announced Hubbard. More likely his future financial status depends on the condition of his knee. Playing with his left leg heavily taped from thigh to mid-calf is not going to endear Hubbard to the scouts from the NBA. He and Orr wonder if the tape is necessary, because it limits mobility, but both understandably hesitate to go without it.

Which is just about the only hesitancy Hubbard has ever had about basketball since taking it up in the fourth grade and quickly discovering one thing: "I was better at it than all the rest of the kids." During his junior year at Canton, Ohio's McKinley High, his team was 26-1, when he was a senior, it was 23-2. His coach then, Bob Rupert, now head coach at Baldwin-Wallace College in Cleveland, says, "The one thing you know for sure about Phil is he will be good this game and better the next." How does Hubbard view himself as a player? "I'm fair." Come on, Phil. "Well, I feel I can play with almost anybody when the time comes."

That's more like it, because he certainly can. Even if all his quickness doesn't come back, he's still too fast to be handled by most teams. Musing over what it's like to coach a player of Hubbard's abilities, Orr recalls the time his predecessor, Dave Strack, hollered down the bench, "Cazzie, Cazzie." "Hock, Cazzie Russell had been gone for two years," says Orr, "but coaching will do that to you." Orr knows what it's like to have spent one season when he couldn't summon Hubbard, for sure he realizes that even if Hubbard—and Michigan—don't make a full recovery and win a championship or two, matters have taken a turn for the better.

THE WEEK

(Dec 4-10)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST As soon as Georgetown Coach John Thompson spotted Guard Ene (Sleepy) Floyd in a Gastonia, N.C. high school game last spring he knew he had found an eye-opener. Floyd, who leads the Hoyas in scoring with 17.8 points a game, scored 17 of Georgetown's first 35 points against Indiana and wound up with 21. And when the Hoosiers overplayed Floyd, Steve Martin popped in 10 of the Hoyas' next 12 points en route to a 60-54 victory. Georgetown (5-0) then won 77-71 at St. John's, shutting off the Redmen's inside shooting and controlling the boards during a second-half surge that wiped out a 45-39 deficit.

When Syracuse sped to a 32-18 lead over Rhode Island in a battle of underdogs, it seemed the Orangemen would breeze to their 34th straight home triumph. But the Rams rallied and moved ahead 52-48. Syracuse played without ice rebounder Louie Orr, who had undergone minor knee surgery, but Dale Shackelford, who was suffering from intestinal flu and back spasms, was in the lineup. It was fortunate for the Orange that he was Shackelford, who scored 21 points, put Syracuse in front for keeps when he broke a tie with a three-point play seven minutes from the end, and the Orange won 70-68.

Because two of his best players—Michael Brooks and Mark Spain—were hurt, La Salle Coach Paul Westhead ordered a stall at Duke, where his Explorers led 4-1 after 14 minutes. The Blue Devils foiled the strategy, forcing six turnovers to take a 12-6 halftime lead and winning 66-42 as Gene Banks scored half their points.

North Carolina State handed Davidson, which had won four consecutive games, its first defeat, 97-77. N.C. State's Clyde Austin flicked in 20 points. The Wildcats' John Gerdy came in against State with a 33.5 scoring average and a 67.1% shooting average from the floor. The Wolfpack brought those figures down by holding Gerdy to 9-for-24 shooting and 21 points.

When the going gets tough, North Carolina goes to its four-corner offense. Using this tactic, the Tar Heels outscored Detroit 20-8 during the final 4:44 and won 93-76.

Two of Philadelphia's Big Five rematched undefeated Temple (4-0) deked Seton Hall 84-44 and Wake Forest 86-79. Penn (4-0) beat La Salle 68-67 on a shot by Tony Price with six seconds to go. And Villanova (5-1) was an 86-67 victor over Rutgers, where the Wildcats' Alex Bradley scored 33 points.

1. DUKE (5-0)

2. LA CAROLINA ST. (6-1) 3. SYRACUSE (5-0)

continued

Jingle Bells

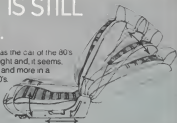


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MIDWEST In what may go down as the Omaha T Party, Creighton upset Nebraska 78-61. When Jack Moore of the Huskers went in for a layup that would have trimmed the Bluejays' 58-52 lead, Nebraska Coach Joe Cipriano was delighted. But when no foul was called on Creighton's Dave Wesley, who later admitted that he had fouled Moore on the play, Cipriano blew his cork. So vehemently did Cipriano protest that he drew three technical fouls and automatic banishment. Wesley cashed in on the six resulting free throws.

The next Husker to be hit with a technical was Brian Banks, who fell to the floor in dismay when he got his fifth personal and didn't arise quickly enough to suit the officials. Once again, Wesley went to the foul line, this time making both shots. Carl McPhee, who had kept Nebraska in contention by getting 15 of his 21 points in the second half, then said to an official, "You going to let their whole team shoot free throws?" For that, McPhee drew a T and an ejection. Wesley sank one of the two foul shots and wound up with 26 points, 16 on free throws.

With his job in jeopardy, Drake Coach Bob Orsiger decided he didn't have time to groom freshmen, so he recruited five junior-college transfers. With their help, the Bulldogs, 6-22 last year, are now 4-0. Last week they shocked Iowa State 86-77 and Iowa 72-69. "Seldom can you weld so many transfers into a cohesive unit so quickly," marveled State Coach Lynn Nance. One of the newcomers, Rodney (Pop) Wright, netted 26 points against the Cyclones.

After crushing Boise State 82-68, Kansas had to come from four points down to overtake Oral Roberts 90-77. Instrumental in the victory over the Titans were Johnny Crawford, who scored 23 points, and freshman Tony Gay, who added 19 and 10 rebounds.

While Kansas Coach Ted Owens jettied all around the country last spring to sign up price recruits, his Kansas State counterpart, Jack Hartman, was "taking the bus. I even had to change at Lawrence on the way to Bonner Springs to sign Ed Nealy." Ignored by most big-college recruiters, Nealy had 19 points as the Wildcats struggled off a nine-point Minnesota lead and won 72-62.

"We fouled around in the first half and exercised poor judgment in the second. We couldn't hit. We made bad fouls. We didn't rebound. And we didn't have good team play. Other than that, we did fine." That was Coach Abe Lemons' synopsis after Texas had been joined 71-65 at Oklahoma. Also contributing to the Longhorns' downfall were Sooners John McCullough, who had 18 points and 12 rebounds, and Terry Stotts, with 15 and 12.

Corell Griffith tossed in 53 points as Louisville defeated Michigan 86-84 and Idaho 101-54.

A dozen blocked shots, five by Les Henson, helped Virginia Tech (4-0) knock off William

& Mary 84-59. The Gobblers led only 35-29 at halftime, but shot 77.7% thereafter.

The Bayou Classic was won by host Southwestern Louisiana. With Andrew Tony connecting for a total of 79 points, the Ragin' Cajuns walloped Pepperdine 119-90 and Southern University 100-82.

1. LOUISVILLE (5-1)
2. KANSAS (4-1) 3. CREIGHTON (5-0)

WEST The score was 75-75, and there was no time left on the clock when Steve Malovic of San Diego State stepped to the foul line at San Francisco. Despite the pressure, Malovic felt confident about making the shots because he has been undergoing hypnosis to enforce positive thinking. Of the doctor who hypnotizes him, Malovic says, "He makes you think the ball through the air and into the hoop." Into the hoop was exactly where Malovic's two free throws went as he finished with 23 points, and the Aztecs with a stunning win.

Bill Cartwright, who had scored 28 points and grabbed 21 rebounds against San Diego State, then helped stop USF's losing streak—the Dons had ended the previous week with a loss to Nevada-Las Vegas by pouring in 22 points in the second half of an 87-77 victory over Stanford. The Cardinals were kept in contention by freshman whiz Brian Welch, who earned 14 of 18 field-goal attempts. In the Dons' third outing of the week, Cartwright had 28 points and 22 rebounds as USF swamped Sacramento State 78-59.

Like San Francisco, USC needed a strong second half to overcome Stanford. The Trojans, down 28-24 at halftime, prevailed 57-55 when Dean Jones sank two free throws with 10 seconds left.

Albert King's sprained knee early in a game at Nevada-Las Vegas was only the start of Maryland's woes. While King nursed his injury on the bench, the Rebels pounded the Terps into 30 turnovers, got 10-for-14 shooting and 25 points from Flintie Ray Williams—and went on to win 94-88.

Maryland's women, ranked No. 2 nationally, also lost to Vegas, 77-70. The Lady Rebels, the youngest and only unranked squad in the four-team Las Vegas Tournament of Champions, were led to the title by Teresa Wilks, who scored 23 points.

Long Beach State, unbeaten in four games, got 28 points from Ricky Williams while trimming Loyola 74-65 and 17 more from him in downing Weber State 69-67.

1. UCLA (3-1)
2. USC (3-0) 3. NEVADA-LAS VEGAS (4-0)

MIDEAST Throughout the game at Kentucky, Darrell Valentine of Kansas dazzled the Wildcats with his ball handling, quickness and 27 points. But when it was over, Valentine shuffled off

the court and clasped his hands on his head as if to say, "What was I thinking of?"

The Jayhawks led by a seemingly safe six points with 31 seconds left in overtime when Kentucky's Dwight Anderson scored from underneath, and then sank two foul shots to make it 68-64. Kansas Coach Ted Owens called time with 10 seconds to go and told his players it was their last time out. On the ensuing Jayhawk inbound play, Anderson deflected the ball away, retrieved it and passed to Kyle Macy, who smacked a jumper with three seconds remaining to tie the score. Reacting instinctively, Valentine and several other Jayhawks called for a time-out, but because Kansas had none left, a technical foul was assessed. Macy went to the foul line and sank a free throw for the 67-66 Kentucky victory that led to Valentine's forfeit exit. For the undefeated Cats, who also beat West Texas State 121-67, it was their third win in what is supposed to be a rebuilding year.

Three other Southeastern Conference teams were also impressive winners. Louisiana State beat Tulane 109-85 at home as Oe-Wayne Sciles had 31 points and 14 rebounds. Playing at Tulane, the Tigers got 30 points from Al Green and won again, this time 98-88. In defeating Southern Mississippi 87-78 and Middle Tennessee 85-50, Mississippi State faced its first major test at Memphis State. The Bulldogs handed the Tigers their worst setback, 93-64, in the 45-year history of the Mid-South Coliseum as Wiley Peck had 22 points and 24 rebounds.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MURRAY BROWN: Florida State's junior center, who is shooting 76.5% from the floor, sank 16 of 17 field-goal tries and had 42 points in a 71-70 win at Auburn. He later scored 20 points in a 68-61 victory over Florida.

Auburn, using a zone all the way, upset Iowa 74-66 as Earl Banks scored 20 points.

Illinois disposed of Missouri 69-57. South Carolina 64-57 and Centenary 80-60 to run its record to 6-0, its best start since 1971-72.

Cal State, Fullerton gave Michigan State a scare. The Spartans led by 18 with 9:17 left, only to have the Titans hit 16 of their next 19 shots and pull to within three points. But Terry Donnelly sank four free throws in the last 18 seconds, and the Spartans won 92-89. Fullerton lost despite 27 points by Calvin Roberts and despite holding Ervin Johnson to a career low of five points. Gregory Kelsner led Michigan State with 27 points, and Johnson had 11 assists.

Notre Dame clobbered Rice 105-61 and Northwestern 101-57 before going West to take on UCLA (page 20).

1. NOTRE DAME (4-0)
2. MICHIGAN STATE (2-0) 3. LSU (5-0)

The Arkansas travails

It's not easy fishing, but if the weather is at all bearable and the generators at Bull Shoals are shut down, the White River yields giant trout the year round

The radio had predicted freezing rain before dawn. Meanwhile, plenty of the regular kind was lashing down on Dave Lowry's mobile home on the banks of the White River in northern Arkansas. But the filthiness of the weather was having no effect on Lowry's evangelical fervor.

"Listen, man," he was saying. "You go down that river when it's dead low, get your eye attuned, stand up in the johnboat and just look. Soon you'll start seeing 'em. Like at Wildcat Shoals, schools of browns weighing from 10 to 20 pounds. Nothing under 10 pounds.

And in schools, just like a small fish. And, glory, there's big rainbows out there, some of them nearly as big as the browns!"

All of his warming eloquence was badly needed last week. The two days' fishing we had put in had been hard and almost barren, just one hand's count of 12-inch rainbows, too young, stunted and recently stocked to know better. And not only had we to fight the wintery conditions, but we had also started out by hitting what Lowry, with almost audible capitals, called an Eight-Generator Day on the river.

A lot of things can spoil fishing; in our case it was last week's storm striking Kansas City, 325 miles away. Naturally, the citizens turned up the heat, forcing the Southwest Power Association to run all eight of its massive generators on the Bull Shoals Dam in Arkansas to supply the sudden demand for energy. Which in turn meant pouring millions of gallons of water at temperatures ranging from 44° to 52° into the White River. Which meant a sudden rise of 12 feet in the water level. There is no way of fighting an Eight-Generator Day. All you have is the consolation of what must be a unique fishing alibi.

This is a very small consolation indeed when one has the chance to fish what is probably the best trout river in the U.S., better even than the famed streams of Montana and Michigan and Wyoming, a river that last year produced the nation's biggest stream-caught brown trout, a prodigious fish of 33 pounds, eight ounces. It's a great rainbow-trout river, too: you might have to go to New Zealand to find one comparable. The Cotter Bridge stretch, close to Dave Lowry's fishing camp at Ram Shoals, yielded a 19-pound rainbow last year "Young fish," Lowry says. "Maybe only five or six years old. Just a little bitty head, thick heavy body."

Before the Bull Shoals Dam was built in 1954, the White River was renowned mostly for smallmouth bass. But the bass couldn't take the infusions of cold water, and they disappeared. To appease the angry anglers, the Arkansas Fish and Game Commission, with federal help, built a hatchery and stocked the river with trout. And the trout took off. "Hell, man," Lowry says, "most people round here didn't even know what a trout was. Farmers went down there, filled gunny-sacks with fish, fed them to the hogs."

The comparison with New Zealand is apt, at least on a small scale. When the first white settlers arrived there, they found big rivers teeming with small fish. When trout were introduced, they waxed fat. Almost literally, all the trout had to do was browse on the bait fish. Which is what happened on the White. The river is extremely rich in food, full of snails,

continued



Trying his hand on the Norfork, a tributary of the White, the author caught only a few small rainbows

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shrimp, crawfish and sculpin. As in New Zealand, all the trout had to do was open their mouths and inhale.

But they don't do that on an Eight-Generator Day. The water roars down at 12 mph and scatters the fish. About the only chance you have of catching a big one is by means of what the locals call "back dragging," barely stemming the current with the boat's outboard motor and allowing a deep-working lure to hang in the stream over likely spots. This is the way they sometimes fish for Atlantic salmon in the big rivers of Scotland and Norway. Over there they call it "harling."

On our first day out, after taking a couple of little rainbows on squirrel-hair nymphs out of rare pockets of calm water close to the banks, we had to fall back on harling which, in the absence of fish, is a form of slow torture, made worse in our case by an icy wind. No takers, and Lowry was growing a little desperate by afternoon.

It wasn't his fault, of course. You can't fight eight generators, and most of the year (the White is open for trout fishing the whole 12 months) you don't have to, because Kansas City and the other places the dam supplies with power have more predictable needs. Normally the power company runs a potter, kicking on three generators a day for eight hours, and an ungler has some idea of what's going on. But it was obvious that we weren't going to be that lucky.

As the wind took our ears off, it was no great consolation to be told that on a good day a competent fly-fisherman could take maybe 100 trout. Most of those would be stocked fish, rainbows of nine inches and upward, but there would be some good ones among them, certainly a sprinkling of three-pounders.

It is, in fact, arguable whether a naturally rich river like the White needs the kind of restocking program that the Arkansas Fish and Game Commission operates. From April until Labor Day, there are weekly stockings of rainbows at nearly every boat dock along the 92 miles of the White below the dam. But Dave Whitlock, a fly-fisherman of national reputation who lives on the river, believes that the White River is more than capable of regenerating its own natural stock of browns and rainbows, given more protection for the fish. At present,

all methods of angling are legal, even bottom fishing with cheese and corn pellets, for which hatchery-reared fish are born suckers.

Whitlock wants a more regulated season, including a single-hook, artificial-only segment, and such methods as cheese dunking prohibited. He has proved his point that the river can regenerate itself from its own resources by the use of a modification of the Vibert box. (In the standard Vibert box, planted in the river, eyed trout ova are hatched out; in the Whitlock-Vibert model, there is a second compartment that acts as a nursery for tiny fry that are still carrying the egg sac.) Slowly but surely, Whitlock feels, the Fish and Game Commission is coming around to his way of thinking.

It has to be recognized, though, that on the White, fly-fishing is always going to be limited to when the water is down, unless one is prepared to use cumbersome high-density, fast-sinking lures. There is some dry-fly fishing—the White has a mayfly hatch—but most of the time fishermen use sub-surface flies, nymph and streamers.

It was to get some fly-fishing in that led Lowry to abandon the White River—still running high—on the second day of our trip, and turn to the Norfolk, one of its tributaries. But we were fighting the weather again. The temperature was down to the low thirties. The thin, mean rain was on the verge of freezing. Again, it proved to be only the smallest and silkiest rainbows that were willing to hang onto the fly. By nightfall, Lowry was more frustrated than ever. And all we had left was half a day.

So, as the rain drummed down on the last night, we had to psych ourselves up for a last shot at a big White River trout. Lowry had called in an ally, John Cox, who conceded that it would be a considerable task. "I fish most every day," said John, "and maybe meet one big fish a week. That's good odds anywhere for a trophy trout."

And on a big-trout river like the White, what would a trophy trout weigh? "Eight pounds if he's a rainbow," John said, "15 if he's a brown."

"Tell him about that White Hole up there," Lowry said.

"Oh, man," Cox said, "there's fish there you wouldn't believe. No rainbows,

All full of browns. When they put stock fish in there, if you don't catch them stockers in a couple of days, you can forget about them. Browns just eat them up. I could show you a fish in that hole, he'd go 40 pounds."

"If they shut the water off early tonight," Lowry said hopefully, "it'll be pretty low up there at Wildcat Shoals. If that water's dead low, we'll get up there early. You haven't caught your big one yet, but you ain't gone home yet, either. Some of them fish in there, they're this doggone long and, hell, this thick." His hands described improbable dimensions.

It was improbable, but also gloriously true, that at seven the next morning Lowry would be tapping on my cabin window with the news that the generators had been shut down early, that the water at Wildcat Shoals would be just about right. Couldn't make it himself, but Cox would head up with me.

It was still raining, just this side of freezing, when we hauled the boat up to Wildcat, and wreaths of white mist were curling off the river. The air was colder than the water. But the stream itself was thin and clear, the gravel showing gold, the boulders gray and white on the bed. For half an hour we fished the water carefully, but no fish moved.

Then, as Cox held the boat against the moderate current, something stopped the yellow Munica streamer on its way home—appropriately a New Zealand fly for a river that would be entirely at home in New Zealand. I saw the broad side of the fish flash silver as it shook its head. And then the line was running off the reel.

Ten minutes later, or thereabouts, it was in the net. Rainbow. Hen fish. When I went to unhook it, I found the fly had already fallen out. One second of slack line would have been enough to lose it. Eight pounds flat it went on Lowry's scales when we were back at the dock.

Maybe I should have released it, but I had worked hard and long for that fish. I called my wife at the airport and told her I was bringing her home a trout.

"Good, nice for breakfast," she said. "Doggone." I heard myself saying, "this here's a White River trout. It's this long and, hell, this wide!"

Clearly, a big trout is not the only thing you can pick up in Arkansas. **END**

Their prix was 10 grand

Earl Anthony and Mark Roth practically gave Nelson Burton Jr. the \$10,000 winner's check in the Grand Prix, but Cheryl Robinson needed no such largesse

By all rights, Nelson Burton Jr. probably should have been at home in St. Louis last Saturday watching the finals of the Grand Prix of Bowling on TV. But there he was in Reno, winning the tournament when two legends unexpectedly fell off their pedestals.

Burton barely sneaked into the wrap-up at the MGM Grand Hotel Saturday afternoon, then watched in amazement as Earl Anthony and Mark Roth, the most prominent names in the sport over the last few years, both failed to convert easy spares, giving Burton the \$10,000 first-

place prize in the men's division.

Burton's victory route was much more arduous than that of Cheryl Robinson, the women's champion, who led after five of the six stages and thus had a downhill run through the 38-game qualifying round. Burton, meanwhile, stole the fourth and last spot in qualifying, although his scoring average was almost 10 pins a game lower than that of the third-place finisher, George Pappas. In

fact, three nonqualifiers had better averages than Burton, but Burton accumulated important bonus points by winning 14 of 20 games in match play.

"The other players seemed to beat themselves," said the surprised Burton. It was a fair assessment. First he defeated Pappas by two pins, rolling a 217 in the first match on Saturday. Then, in the semifinals, Burton met Anthony, who had been second in the qualifying to Roth. However, Anthony left two open frames against Burton, inexplicably missing a pair of conversions on spares, and scored a 213 as Burton rolled a winning total of 223.

In the finals, Roth was rolling along, blasting pins apart with his wrecker's-ball delivery, until the fifth frame, when he stumbled on his approach and failed to convert the 2-5. That was hardly typical of the tour's top money-winner (\$134,800) and its leader in tournament wins (eight). Shaken, Roth left the 6-10 standing in the next frame, missed — *continued*



While Burton scraped his way into the finals, Robinson (above) blasted aside her foes. Ageless Grandama Coburn finished fourth and won \$3,000



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the spare—and wound up with a disastrous 184. His score was two pins less than Cheryl Robinson's winning score against Donna Adamak in the women's final. Burton cruised to the title with a 216.

The season-ending AMF Grand Prix involved 40 bowlers, 20 men and 20 women, with each group rolling for \$50,000 in prize money. Most of the entrants qualified on the basis of season-long point standings, however, five bowlers in each division got sponsor's exemptions. One was Doris Coburn, a grandmother and Hall of Famer from Buffalo who refuses to reveal her age. "I can't tell you that," said Frank, her husband. "If I did she'd kill me." Frank won't give his age, either. "If you find out how old she is," he said, "just add two and that's me." Sometimes Frank won't even give his name. "They've called me Doris' husband so long that I can't remember it," he said.

The Coburns are typical of the familial side of pro bowling. Burton's father, Nelson, was one of the all-time greats, a man with a classic delivery who later became a highly successful hustler. Several pro bowlers are married to each other. Cheryl Robinson's husband, Jay, won the men's Grand Prix last year (he failed to survive the qualifying rounds this year). Many of the women bowlers travel with their husbands, who double as coaches and advisers. Frank Coburn, a short, slight man with a cheerful, toothy face, has kept charts of women's tournaments over the last 10 years. He is a former car salesman who now bills himself as a pro bowling coach. The Coburns' three daughters all are excellent bowlers.

To prepare for the Grand Prix, the Coburns practiced twice daily for two months. Frank coaching Doris on technique. In Reno, with only five games remaining in qualifying, Doris was in 10th place, and she was huddling frequently with Frank.

The battle for the fourth and last qualifying spot seemed to be between Bev Orner and Betty Morris, the Grand Prix champion the last two years. Morris, however, was upset by the death of her father on Tuesday. "She's not herself at all," said her husband, Bob—while Orner also was bowling inconsistently. In her last four games, Orner averaged only 163. Morris was several lanes away, bowling against Cohn. As Cohn strung together four strikes to beat Morris and

clinch fourth place, Frank burst into applause. "The way she keeps me jumping, she has to be after my life insurance," he wheezed. "She asked me the other day what double indemnity is."

The men's qualifying was just as heated. Heading into the final night's action, Burton was fourth, only nine pins ahead of Ernie Schlegel, the tour's version of Captain Midnight. Schlegel is a creator of exotic bowling apparel who has his costumes custom-made in New York's Greenwich Village. A blithe nomad who lists his hometown as U.S.A., Schlegel also has a "mental adviser" traveling with him—John Mazzio, a former IBM employee from Chicago. Mazzio is working on Schlegel's "negative pattern and teaching Ernie to understand himself." Schlegel, a tour nonwinner, has a notebook in which he writes down everything Mazzio tells him. He should have used it for reference Friday night; he never found his stroke, won only one match and dropped to eighth place and a check for \$1,800.

Perhaps Schlegel bowled poorly because of his bland raiment. Pro bowling officials no longer permit him to wear really bizarre stuff—like his red, white and blue biocentennial special, or his silver lamé jumpsuit. During the Grand Prix he had to be content with such garb as pants with a zipper on the knee and shoes sprayed silver. "They won't let him be different," complained his wife, Catherine. "Ernie's a vibe person."

Some people might feel that Schlegel is exactly what pro bowling needs these days. Too often the tour plays dowdy shopping centers with burned-out neon. For the Grand Prix presentation ceremonies, the MGM Grand supplied two show girls—Elizabeth Larkin and Tracy Hatcher. Asked to name a famous bowler, they couldn't. "We're not glamorous," admitted Burton.

Now 36, Burton is a physical-conditioning enthusiast and has appeared in ABC-TV's *Superturvs* competition. He sees himself as an athlete, not just a bowler. "I bowl now for the self-satisfaction," he says. "I don't have the egotism I used to have." This mellow attitude helped Burton through what could have been a frustrating year. Twice this season Burton lost all of his equipment—once when a bowling center burned down in Kirkville, Mo., and once to thieves.

There was a bit of thief in Burton at

continued

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BOWLING *continued*

Reno. On the tour, if you catch fire on the final day, you can steal the tournament. In the women's finals, Coburn, still nervous after all these years, lost to Doris (The Brat) Adamek, who at 20 is about 35 years younger than her opponent. Doris had three splits and only got a 154, taking home fourth-place money of \$3,000. In the next round, Adamek got nasty with a 223 that sidelined Vesna Gramfelds, the tour's No. 2 money-winner, but in the finals—with \$10,000 to the winner and \$7,000 to the runner-up—youth wasn't so well served. Robinson threw a 186 against Adamek's 156.

The men's final was full of surprises. "Nelson threw one good game and won \$10,000," said Pappas. After Burton beat Pappas in his first match, Anthony and Roth beat themselves.

Anthony began with four straight strikes against Burton, causing some consternation in the executive offices of the MGM Grand. The hotel had put up an \$11,000 game for a 300 game on television, and Anthony, the tour leader in career wins with 30, had the style, experience and grit to do it. On June 20 he suffered a severe heart attack, but two months later he was back bowling and winning. In his fifth frame Saturday, he left the 7 pin standing on his first ball, and missed it with his second. Amazingly, he missed the 7 once again in the ninth frame. "I can go an entire week and not miss a spare," sighed Anthony. "Today I missed two of them when it counted."

Through all of this, Roth was fidgeting on the sidelines, waiting to see who would face him in the finals. Roth's aggressive bowling style matches his personality. He is best when he can go after it, and the waiting had left him edgy. He had led Burton by 454 pins in the qualifying, but now would have to roll against him in one game for first place.

When Roth missed his spare attempt in the fifth frame, he was shaken. And when he did the same thing in the next frame, the match was over.

For Burton, it was his second victory of the year. On each cheek he wore bright smudges of lipstick, victory kisses from the show girls, who now know at least one bowler's name. And sticking out of his hip pocket was a red feather that had fallen off one of the girls' costumes. Burton had found it. In another pocket was the \$10,000 winner's check. In a sense, he had found that, too.

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The U.S. men's team is still looking for its first Olympic champion, but with Phil Mahre and his twin Steve gaining speed, the break could come at Lake Placid

This one is Phil. This one is Steve. They are 21, identical twins. They are the Mahres of White Pass, Wash., and in the 14 months between now and the 1980 Winter Olympics at Lake Placid, they could possibly become the new double-dip, mirror-image, two-for-the-money toast of Alpine ski racing. Phil and Steve are becoming known as the Great White Pass Hope, and with good reason. In the 13 Winter Olympics staged over the past 56 years, U.S. men have never won a gold medal.

The odds against the U.S. winning a gold even now are about as steep as the slalom runs on Lake Placid's Whiteface Mountain, but they are not impossible; in fact, they are a shade better than they were last year at this time. When the 1977-78 World Cup season got under way, only one twin (Phil) was worth betting on. This year it's Phil plus Steve.

Phil, the slightly more dashing and reckless racer of the two, has been at or near the top for a couple of years. In the 1976-77 season he won a World Cup slalom and a giant slalom. Last season he won two slaloms and a giant slalom. If such a record seems unimposing, compare it with those of racers of our less-than-glorious past: no other U.S. male ever won more than two World Cup races in an entire career. In addition, Phil placed so consistently in last season's competition that he wound up second in the overall standings behind Sweden's nonpareil Ingemar Stenmark. Phil's 116 World Cup points plus the 97 bagged by seven-year veteran Cindy Nelson added up to no less than 50%—plus of the entire U.S. team's points for the season, a total that put the Americans in third place behind Austria and Switzerland. That equals the best U.S. team finish ever.

Steve had been pretty much a ne'er-do-well in international skiing—in fact, more of a ne'er-do-anything-at-all. He had been reluctant to leave the comforts of home and the company of his longtime high school sweetheart for the months of high tension and hard traveling in Europe that are demanded of any serious competitor in world-class racing. After a year or so of hesitation, he finally kind of

edged into the act in the winter of 1977 with a surprising third, behind Phil and Stenmark, in a Sun Valley slalom. Last season he was a creditable eighth in the slalom in the FIS World Championship at Garmisch, West Germany, before slamming through the gates to beat both his brother and Stenmark and win a World Cup slalom in Stratton, Vt. last March. And if Steve still hasn't earned equal billing with Phil, Stenmark, Liechtenstein's Andreas Wenzel and Austria's Klaus Heidegger, he could well reach that plateau with a few fast finishes as the new World Cup season moves along.

Typically, the twins started the season slowly. Neither Phil nor Steve is re-

nowned for being fast on the getaway, and last season both scored their victories late in the year, having built their confidence as the circuit moved along. The official start of the new World Cup season last weekend in Schladming, Austria went according to form.

What everybody expected, and got, was a win by Stenmark in the giant slalom, in which Phil finished 18th and Steve 44th. The world champ not only beat the field, but he also won by a whopping two seconds in a gloomy rain that had turned the snow to the consistency of oatmeal.

That was last Saturday. On Sunday, Phil entered his first World Cup down-

continued



Slaloming into the new season: Phil (left) is an established winner, while Steve is coming on strong

hill ever, one of four events this year that will offer points toward the combined championship. He finished 35th—about what one might expect of a slalom specialist—but was fourth in the combined to pick up 11 World Cup points. Steve finished 44th in the downhill, too, which shows a certain consistency, if little else.

"Not too good for a start, but not too bad, either," Phil said. "I expect to do better as we keep going. The combined result gives me a small jump on the season, good stuff for when the competition picks up."

(Over in the Italian Alps at Piancavallo, the U.S. women's team broke away to a better start. Abbi Fisher, 21, of South Conway, N.H., won the slalom, and Tamara McKinney, 16, of Olympic Valley, Calif., the youngest racer on the circuit, tied for third.)

Whatever those results may bode for the future of Phil and Steve Mahre (pronounced mare), they both allow that they are firmly committed to racing through the spring of 1980, which would include participation in the first U.S. Olympics in 20 years. With many racers that would seem to be a foregone conclusion, but with the twins it isn't. They are a low-key pair, and one doesn't hear symphonies of patriotism any more than declarations of high purpose when they discuss the sport.

"The day that I don't enjoy skiing is the day I'm going to quit," says Phil. "Either it's fun, or I just don't want to be in it." Steve also speaks matter-of-factly about the joys of competition. "Things have been going good lately. If they hadn't, I guess I might have dropped out."

One reason for the relatively cool view of their lives as racers is that the Mahres are hard-core homebodies who don't much like Europe. "Traveling is a hassle," says Steve. "I never look forward to it, although I've sort of gotten accustomed to it so that it doesn't bother me as much as it did," Phil says. "The best place in the world is home. We know that this is only going to be for a couple more years, not for a lifetime."

Home for the Mahre twins now is the quiet little community of Yakima in the apple orchards of Washington's Yakima Valley. Both got married last summer, commendably they avoided a double

wedding. However, both wedding parties exited from the church through honor guards of skiers holding ski poles aloft. Each Mahre married his high school sweetheart: Phil, 20-year-old Paula Davis, Steve, 21-year-old Debbie Dunn.

Paula, a small blonde former high school sprinter who blushes a lot, didn't ski until a year ago, and she says, "When I met Phil I didn't even know he skied. I guess Phil liked that because all the other girls he went out with knew he was the famous Phil Mahre. He acted so much older than the guys I had been going out with. He would open the door for me and everything."

Debbie, a former high school cheerleader with sparkling eyes and smile, has been skiing for years but is still an intermediate. "I knew all through high school that the Mahre twins skied, but I thought they were in just little races," she says. "Steve was better known for being a quarterback. But he was really shy in high school. We started going out at the end of our senior year. Steve says he always liked me. But once when I broke up with a boyfriend, he was so slow that before he had a chance to ask me out, I already had a new one."

The high school where the romances blossomed is located in tiny (pop. 710) Naches, which is 11 miles from Yakima. The graduating class had 90 students; Phil was the salutatorian, Steve fifth in the class. A great percentage of the students arrived via school bus. The Mahres had a 90-minute ride each way from White Pass, some 40 miles above Naches. And it was here, at little more than a wide spot in the road, at the foot of a ski area in the Cascades, that the two most promising American racers learned their craft.

Dave Mahre had been mountain manager for the White Pass ski area since the twins were four years old, and the family moved into a house that was roughly 20 yards from the foot of the main chair lift when they were nine. The twins' mother, Mary, is an energetic and infinitely patient woman who has seven children (now six to 28) besides the twins. "Well, I'd never have twins again, I tell you," she says. "Their sister was 17 months when they were born, and my whole life was nothing but babies, morning to night. Everyone says that I have more patience than most parents. Well, maybe I don't

think I bark at my children, and I don't think I ever belittle them. I try to treat my children as people who are equal to me, and I try not to order them around."

"We've been blessed with good minds and healthy bodies, but Dave and I haven't tried to push the children. All our children have won many trophies. With the twins, Dave says they pushed each other and that's why they were so good. It probably started when they were crawling; they went right on into skiing. They were invariably one-two in races. I think maybe Phil likes to win a little more than Steve does. But that may be changing now."

As small boys, the twins skied constantly on the White Pass trails, and when they were eight years old they entered their first race. Phil won, Steve was second. "Before they were 12, people would say, 'They'll ski in the Olympics someday,'" Mary Mahre says. "Somehow it was in the air, I guess. Myself, I couldn't see it because I'm not a skier, really—I could just barely get down the hill. And Dave didn't ski with them a lot. But somehow it seems as if they had the God-given gift, and I guess they're putting it to use."

There is reason to believe that it will be put to better use this year than ever before. Hank Tauber, the Alpine team director, says, "I think both Phil and Steve are really happy, personally happy, for the first time. Their marriages have been good for them and have served to settle them down so that they can give full attention to developing those fantastic skills they have. Steve is happy as a racer now, too, since he got that win at Stratton. That gave him confidence he never had before, and now he is capable of putting together slaloms every bit as good as Stenmark's or Phil's. They've never had a better attitude."

That will come as good news to the twins' critics. Phil and Steve's rather lackadaisical attitude toward the off-mountain, off-season training of most racers has long troubled the more conventional practitioners of ski racing. "I train, but I do what's good for me," says Phil. "Skiing's a good winter sport, but there's no way I'm going to ski in the summer. I play basketball, I ride motocross, and I water-ski. Still, it's clear that the best way to get ready for racing is to ski lots of miles. You use different sets of

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muscles skiing than in any other exercise, and you can't get at them unless you are skiing."

Possibly so. But even the twins' mother says she has seen a change in attitude in her sons. "You know," she says with an air of confidentiality, "I think they are really training this year. They never trained before, they just said, 'Naw, I don't want to do that.' This year they are putting out, and that is different."

But the Mahres will no doubt remain individualists, both in ski racing and in their private lives. While they are together when they ski, coaching each other and rooming on the road, they are not inseparable, nor are they all that similar in attitude. Steve is more talkative, Phil more philosophical. They are both motorcycle freaks and half-court basketball nuts, and both have bought houses in the Yakima suburbs. But their houses are six miles apart and as different in style and furnishings as if they were owned by two strangers. Says Phil's Paula, "Phil practically never sees Steven when they are home. They do their own things now. They used to be together all the time, but now they have different friends." "We are never at the same place at the same time," says Steve's Debbie.

The twins have prospered mightily (though not equally, given Phil's superior record) through ski-equipment endorsements and public appearances. They also have wine and dined in distinguished company, but they remain untouched by their celebrity. As their mother says, "They have never gotten big heads. When they were at the White House this summer I asked them, 'Was it fun? What rooms were you in? Who did you meet?' And they said, 'Oh, they were all just people like us.' They aren't that impressed with being famous—or with other people being famous."

So they remain level-headed fellows, firmly planted in the turf of small-town America. Ironically, they are far better known in the Alps than in their own country. That could change this World Cup season if they deliver on the promise they have shown. It certainly will change if they win gold medals at Lake Placid. But whatever happens, don't count on the Mahres being any different. As Steve says, "We just like to be home in Yakima. Nothing else in the world is as good as Yakima."

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ONE MOMENT IN THREE



ILLUSTRATION BY GERRALD JUCKLE

CAREERS

For the author, the photograph of him falling as a pass defender in the 1971 East-West Game summoned up a painful memory. For Mel Gray, who caught the ball, and Dan Pastorini, who threw it, the recollection is elating. **by RICK TELANDER**



CONTINUED

In the one hand it wasn't much, just a long pass completion over a beaten defender in a rather meaningless East-West Shrine Game nearly eight years ago. On the other hand, it was a dramatic 45-yard touchdown bomb in front of 54,000 spectators and a nationwide television audience, and a winning touchdown at that—a play that would make sports-show highlights later that evening and San Francisco Bay Area papers the next morning.

It was a play that featured two outstanding college seniors and one obscure, perhaps overmatched one, the three of them interwoven for a few seconds in portentous ballet—what some people like to call the essence of sport. The outstanding players were Quarterback Dan Pastorini of the University of Santa Clara (now with the Houston Oilers) and Flanker Mel Gray of Missouri (now an All-Pro with

the St. Louis Cardinals). The obscure one, the beaten one, was me.

It was the winter of 1971 and I had just finished my career as a defensive back for Northwestern University. Hard times have recently beset Northwestern's football program, but back then the team was, well, if not overpowering, at least respectable. In 1970 and 1971 we finished second in the Big Ten. In 1972, the season after I was gone, Northwestern even whipped Ohio State, in Columbus—a feat that will undoubtedly sustain certain ex-Wildcat players into middle age.

At any rate, I was selected to play on the East team in the 46th annual East-West Shrine Game in the Oakland Coliseum on Jan. 2. My credentials were reasonable, if not impeccable. I went to California with the cautious exuberance of a young athlete whose past has been recognized and whose future appears moderately bright.

Practices at Santa Clara were easy and dorm life was riotous. In the dining hall, hungry linemen whipped sizzling 18-ounce steaks off their plates and held them under the table, explaining to the waitresses that they hadn't been served yet. I have fond memories of Linebacker Jack Ham and Center Warren Koegel of Penn State passing idle hours in their room giggling and singing *Tiny Bubbles* into a portable tape recorder, of watching players in their game blazers dancing onstage with North Beach strippers, of wanton abuse of alcohol and rental cars, of one player trying to make a date with a woman with a wooden leg.

The presence of myriad pro scouts, all seemingly clad in white shoes, all carrying stopwatches and cigars, only added to the ruckus. One morning, one of my Northwestern teammates, Mike Adamle, a 5'9" running back who went on to play for the Kansas City Chiefs, the New York Jets and the Chicago Bears and later became a sportscaster, climbed on the scale for an NFL scout. In Adamle's pockets were several weights taken from the training room. "Two hundred and forty pounds," marveled the scout, a man who undoubtedly had weighed and measured every imaginable body shape, "...and on that frame."

But there was a game to be played and our foolishness never concealed that fact. From time to time certain overzealous coaches will tell you that football is like war. It most certainly is not, except for the fact that there are times in both war and football when things may happen that can never be undone.

My moment came in the third quarter with the West leading 10-7. I was playing right cornerback and Mel Gray had lined up opposite me. I had him man-for-man. He looked mean and shifty, and I knew he was fast. I had done my homework. I knew, for instance, that he had set just about all the University of Missouri receiving records, that he had long-jumped 25' 11 1/4" and that he ran the hundred in 9.2. I didn't run the hundred at all.

I looked in at the West's quarterback, Dan Pastorini. I knew about him, too. He played baseball, kicked field goals,



Gray's 9.2 helped him humble the author in the big East-West Game. Since then he has gone on to score 39 touchdowns for the Cardinals.

punted, did everything. He'd been hurt a lot, but some scouts were sticking their necks out by touting him highly.

I backed up several steps. I was prepared to let Gray catch a five-yard out or a six-yard curl or anything else short, because I wasn't going for any fakes. Even if Gray ran backward I was still going to head downfield. There wouldn't be enough room in the stadium for a 92 man to beat me deep. Not on national TV.

As Pastorini called the signals, I noticed something. It was one of those pointless observations that have a way of working into one's mind at just the moment when either clear thought or no thought at all is what is needed. The number on Gray's helmet was 21. The number on his jersey was 20. What did it mean? I needed to know in the irrational way one suddenly, unexpectedly needs to know the capital of South Dakota.

Gray was running up the sideline now and I was beside him. Actually, for the first 20 yards I was leading him, because of my planned head start. Behind us Pastorini was doing a play-action fake that didn't affect us at all.

Gray turned to look back and I turned, too. There was the ball high above us and, as always, it startled me. Many things went through my mind at that moment, and among them was the thought that I could intercept this pass. Possibilities and finalities were there. And then I was falling and Gray was catching a touchdown pass. The crowd was roaring and I literally could not believe that I was lying spread-eagled in an end zone in Oakland, Calif., muddy, defeated and 2,000 miles from home.

In the overall scheme of things the pass was certainly not important. But as a catalyst, a swift statement about my very personal future, it had its force. It has been said that there is nothing as humiliating, as absolute, in all of sport as getting beaten on a long one. I tend to agree. Lem Barney once said that the first thing a good defensive back must have is a short memory. I wish I had one. Certainly, I was upset after the pass. I began throwing myself recklessly into the paths of pulling guards and fullbacks, partially in rage, partially on the off chance I might be killed. Our East team scored shortly after Gray's touchdown, only to ultimately lose 17-13.

The next day, there I was in a photograph on the sports pages being beaten again. Like the Bold Lover on Keats' Grecian Urn, it seemed to me I was being beaten forever. Pastorini had been voted the game's outstanding offensive player. Along with throwing his 45-yard touchdown pass, he had kicked a record 42-yard field goal. Some felt Gray should have gotten the award. He had scored both the West's touchdowns, the first on a 99-yard kickoff return.

In the fall I would try out for the Kansas City Chiefs, get cut, and except for a brief fling with semipro ball, be finished with football forever. Still the play haunted me. In a way, it had told me what I needed to know—that another world was out there and that it was time to think about it.

As time went by, I began wondering if the play had had

continued

Pastorini credits his pass in the East-West Game for making him a first round draft pick—he has been Houston's No. 1 quarterback ever since.



EAST-WEST

any special significance in the lives of the other principals. Pastornis and Gray were both NFL stars by then and perhaps they had their own viewpoints. Maybe it had been a precise and somewhat ominous moment for them, also. I decided to find out, a project that has taken over a year because of the crisscrossing travel schedules, and fortunes, of those involved.

From the empty stands of Busch Stadium, Mel Gray looks even smaller than I had remembered him, a mere speck amidst the giants on the Cardinal offensive team as they run through a practice. But his size has never mattered much in his career. He came to the Cardinal rookie camp in 1971, ran a 4.3 forty (one coach got him in 4.2), hung on to Jim Hart's passes and proved conclusively that speed and agility will beat weight and height anytime. In eight seasons with St. Louis, Gray has seldom been injured and has become possibly the most feared deep threat in the game with a current total of 39 touchdown receptions. He has been named Cardinal Rookie of the Year, All-NFC and All-NFL and has played in four Pro Bowls. Whatever doubts there may have been about his durability and skills are now long gone. He has caught at least one pass in 72 consecutive games, a streak interrupted only this season when, because he had a severely sprained right ankle and the Cardinals had no chance to make the playoffs, he has missed two games.

After practice, Gray dresses quickly. Clad in blue jeans and a print shirt, he looks no more imposing than a water boy. His only marks of extravagance are two small diamond earrings in his left ear.

In an empty office upstairs, I slide a yellowing newspaper photograph in front of Gray. It's a picture from the Jan. 3, 1971 *San Francisco Examiner* showing me neutrally seated on the turf, waving desperately at a ball that hasn't appeared yet, but when it does will be caught by Gray for a touchdown. For the first time, in front of Gray, I notice in the picture that tape encircles my shoes. I can't remember now why I put tape on, unless it was to make my shoes fit more snugly. Possibly it was just to look faster. On an earlier occasion, I had noticed I was wearing a wristband on my left wrist. That obviously was solely for appearance.

"Oh, yeah, man," says Gray, nodding. "I have that same picture in my scrapbook. I'm from the Bay Area, you know, so after the game I got all the local papers. It's funny because I was just looking at that picture this summer. Yeah, that's kind of funny."

I ask him if he remembers me, if I made any impression on him.

"I remember being real happy you fell down," he says, "but, to tell the truth, I didn't know who any of the defensive backs were. It's like when I was running track. The only people I knew were the guys who beat me. I never thought of your name, who you were, even your number."

That's interesting, I tell him, because my number was 85, the same as his now.

"Eighty-five? That's strange for a defensive back."

Yes, it was, I tell him. It was held over from when I had been a wide receiver. I hadn't changed numbers when I changed positions. But what about his 20/21 combination in the photo?

"Twenty-one was my number in college," he says, "so that's why it was on my helmet. I asked for 21 in the game but 20 was the closest they had. I think."

We go into the play with more detail, comparing notes.

It had been a post-corner pattern, as I suspected, but the ball had come down over Gray's wrong shoulder, his inside one. We both agreed that the field was wet and sloppy and that the pass was high and not particularly well thrown. Was Pastornis picking on me?

"No, I don't think so," says Gray. "See, that was a play we only ran on the left side. We had other plays just for the right side. Like I said, I didn't know too much about you guys. I remember the coach said that as a group you weren't too fast, but you were quick."

I find that a decent enough comment. I ask him if the play had been a decisive one for him, as it had been for me.

"Oh, yeah, I was lucky to be at the game at all. I had the reputation of being just another sprinter trying to play football. They said I couldn't catch the ball, that my hands were like bricks, like potato chips. And besides, I was small—5'9", 168 pounds at the time." Gray studies the photo for another moment.

"A big political guy in San

continued



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EAST-WEST continued

San Francisco told me before the game that if I wanted anything from the pros I'd better play real good in the East-West Game. So when the ball was coming down and you were on the ground I said to myself, "Mel, don't drop it. Then the ball hit my arms and I bobbled it. 'Oh, no,' I thought, 'Oh, no!' But I hung on and it was a TD. The adrenaline was flowing and my heart was beating fast and I started to glow all over. To tell the truth, I thought I'd be the MVP for the game. And I knew I'd probably go in the first round of the draft."

Gray chuckles here, for despite his performance he didn't get picked till the end of the sixth round. "If I'd dropped that pass I probably wouldn't have been drafted at all," he says.

Because of the low salary he got when he went into the league, Gray has never earned what he thinks he is worth. Only recently has he started to feel on top financially. Along with Terry Metcalf—with whom he has stayed close even though Metcalf played out his option with St. Louis and now is with the Toronto Argonauts—and Running Back Wayne Morris, Gray plans to refurbish a St. Louis nightclub and call it The Combination, with each player's number on the marquee.

"Hopefully it'll work out," he says. "It's just for a while, anyway. I've sort of thought about coaching when I'm done with playing football."

The last thing I ask Gray is whether, in any way, he felt sorry for me that day in Oakland.

"Oh, no," he says immediately. "I mean, Rick, think about it. If you'd intercepted the pass, would you have felt sorry for me?" While I'm pondering such a fantasy, he continues. "After the ref signaled TD, I just dropped the ball and ran straight for the sidelines. Now I'd be as likely to throw the ball at the cornerback's feet after I scored. But I wouldn't have done that back then. I'm a little cooler now. I try to intimidate defensive backs, throw them off their game. You have to do that in the pros. College was fun, this is business." We nod our heads over this axiom.

"I don't think you should feel so bad," Gray says after a pause. "I mean I do run a 9.2 hundred. I'm just gifted with speed. In man-to-man coverage hey, throw me the ball because I'll be open."

I've scored 10 touchdowns in the pros on that same pattern."

Overall, then is Mel Gray happy with the way things have turned out?

"Yeah, I'm glad I'm playing pro ball. I'm basically happy. My parents are proud of me. My brothers and sisters look up to me."

He thinks for a few moments, then looks at me, smiling. "I've got to say thank you very much, Rick, because I think it all happened for the best."

If this season is the zenith of Dan Pastorini's career, last season was the pits. In 1977, his life seemed to be unraveling. The Oilers were losing close games, Pastorini was routinely getting beaten up by defensive linemen, his marriage to centerfold pin-up Jane Wilkinson was breaking up and his off-field pursuits were being increasingly criticized by the Houston fans and press. "This game," Pastorini had muttered one day last November. "If I could do anything else..." When the Oilers fans, a touchy crowd at best, heard that Pastorini wanted to play out his option or be traded, they booed him and showered him with debris as he was being helped off the field after being sacked.

The criticism and frustration like Oilers had never made the playoffs since their absorption into the NFL in 1970 came to a head in the final game of the 1977 season when Pastorini's teammates voted him the game ball for leading Houston to a 21-16 victory over Cincinnati. It was a game that knocked the Bengals out of the playoffs, but meant nothing to the Oilers. "That's what I need," Pastorini had snapped derisively. "Another football."

Certainly Pastorini's statistics were not the cause of his anguish. The Oilers' first draft choice in 1971, he had been their No. 1 quarterback ever since. Through 1977 he had thrown for 12,283 career yards and 66 touchdowns, and until that season had been the Oilers' leading punter. He had been named to the Pro Bowl in 1976. Moreover, he had a cushy, come-when-you-can job with Ragland Resources, a Houston oil exploration company, and had just started his own jet-boat manufacturing company. He traveled a lot and partied frequently. He appeared at charity functions, played in celebrity golf tournaments. To out-

continued



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MONTE CARLO

ward appearances, it seemed that Dan Pastorini had it knocked.

But he was decidedly unhappy. "We've never really won here in Houston," he said, "and that's all I want to do. Sure, we were 10-4 in '74, but we didn't make the playoffs. Pittsburgh and Cincinnati did. Then the next year we were 5-9, and I think it was because we were cocky. That doesn't make sense, does it?"

This season was the year everything was going to be different for Pastorini and Houston, and it gradually shaped up that way. During the off-season Pastorini re-signed and signed a six-year contract with the Oilers that made him among the highest-paid performers in football. Then Houston traded with Tampa Bay for the right to draft University of Texas Running Back Earl Campbell, which gave the team a fearsome ground attack. This season Pastorini has been able to use play-action fakes on his passes, and not have defensive linemen ignore them en route to meeting over his body. Indeed, Pastorini has been sacked only 15 times, less than any other starting NFL quarterback.

Most of all, Pastorini's head is squarely behind his game this year. Gone are ex-wife June Wilkinson and the boat company "Racing, all that stuff—it's history," he says.

The Oilers have won seven of their last nine games, including victories over New England, Miami and Pittsburgh. Earl Campbell has been running like a mule with a peppered feedbag, and the defense, led by young Linebacker Robert Brazile and old Tackle Curley Culp, has been solid. But it is Pastorini who has noticeably taken charge. His statistics are the best in his career: he has completed 185 of 340 passes for 2,307 yards and 13 TDs. And with Campbell's running providing a weapon the Oilers never had before, Pastorini has shown that he has matured into a football strategist, a field general who can direct long scoring drives, not just fill the air with footballs and hopes.

After Pastorini led the Oilers to a 26-23 win over the Patriots a month ago, his teammates again voted him the game ball. This time the quarterback's reaction was markedly different than it had been a year earlier. He took the ball and wept openly.

I had plans to talk with Pastorini again on the Monday after the Pittsburgh-Houston game two weeks ago. The game was not televised in Key West, where I live, but I knew that Houston had lost 13-3. I also knew that Pastorini and four other Oilers, including Campbell, had been injured, though the news reports did not say how seriously.

On Monday morning I call Pastorini's office at the oil exploration company. "Dan wanted me to tell you that he apologizes for not being here," says his secretary. "but he's, well, he doesn't want a lot of people to know, but he's in the hospital. He's got three broken ribs and he's pretty heavily sedated. Tomorrow might be a better day to talk to him."

The next day Pastorini is back in his office, acting as though nothing has happened, save that he winces after sudden movements. If anything, I am more ill at ease than he is. I find it incredible that he did not miss a single offensive play against the Steelers.

He has on a button-down shirt, blue jeans and a belt with "Dante" (his full first name) tooled into the leather. On his feet he wears one of his few concessions to Texas fashion, a pair of white, ostrich-skin cowboy boots. His face, though open and tanned, bears deep creases across the brow, as though he has had more worries than most other men his age.

We are both 29. I show him my newspaper clipping about the East-West Game. As he looks at the photo of me on the ground and Mel Gray "supplicating the heavens" for the undescended ball, he seems to be lost in reverie about a time that, for him at least, was much better.

"Jeez, that ball was up in the air a mile," he says, shaking his head, smiling. "I remember it sort of rolled off my fingers. It was probably one of the worst passes I've ever thrown. I figured, 'Well, there's another incompletion.' " He takes another glance at the page. Next to the picture of Gray and me there is a head shot of a much younger Pastorini, his hair wet with sweat, smiling after having been named the top offensive player in the game. "You fell down or something, didn't you?" he asks.

Yes, I tell him. My legs got twisted

around because the pass was so high and I had to turn so much and Gray looked for it so early, and, of course, those other unaccountable reasons. But I remind him that I had Gray covered right until the very end, even while the ball was in the air. Pastorini acknowledges this.

Then why did he throw the ball if I had the guy covered, I ask.

"Well, with a 9.2-hundred man, you do those things. I knew about Mel, I'd played with him before in a California high school all-star game."

"But I knew about him, too," I protest. "I knew he was going deep. I lined up 10 yards back and took off running. Everybody in the stadium knew he was going deep."

Pastorini looks at me. "You want to know the real reason? O.K. All through college, the papers always compared me with Jim Plunkett. We were both California boys, the same class. But I was at a small school and he was at Stanford, the *Rose Bowl* champs, and it was said that I couldn't 'do it' against the big time, like he could. So in the East-West Game we were alternating quarterbacks—Chuck Haxson of SMU, Dennis Dummit of UCLA, and me. I knew I wouldn't have many chances to impress anybody. So I took a gamble. I just threw deep and hoped."

Pastorini shrugs and smiles. I ask if the play had a big effect on him.

"Definitely," he says and smiles again. "You made my career. I always had confidence, but I was really thrilled about throwing a TD against big-time competition. [I look, but there is only a hint of sarcasm.] Then the scouts started building the play up and up. It got me known. I think it may have been the reason I went in the first round—the third person chosen after Plunkett and Archie Manning. You and I know it was a terrible pass. But scouts, oh man, you know how they are."

Pastorini says he is "definitely" going to play against New Orleans on the coming Sunday. With three broken ribs, why? "Because we've never been in this position before," he says. "If we win our last two games we're in the playoffs. And I want to get us there."

I don't doubt Pastorini's dedication. In the opening game this year against Atlanta, he was sacked and broke a rib. The

continued

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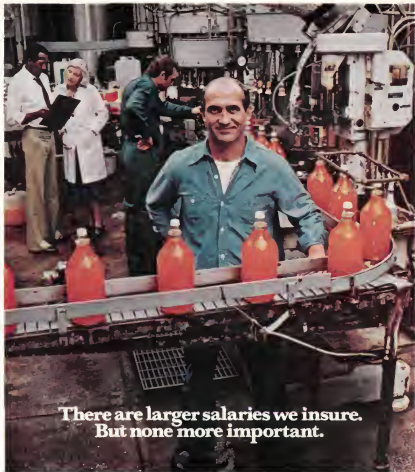
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broken bone punctured the lining of his lung and he had to be hospitalized because of internal bleeding. Two days after leaving the hospital he was throwing the ball again, and two days later he was playing against Kansas City.

This time, though, he says he will be wearing a vest designed to protect the ribs. "It's like a flak jacket, sort of an air-bag thing," he says. "If you get hit it distributes the shock around you so that it's not just delivered to one place."

I tell him that the vest sounds terrific, but that I can't help wondering how many times its inventor has worn the thing with broken ribs and been tackled by a linebacker like Joe Fedspeigel.

"Well," says Pastorini, "the guy who showed the vest to me put it on and then had another guy hit him in the side with a baseball bat as hard as he could. It didn't even faze him."

We talk on about the East-West Game and football and other topics. We discuss the phenomenon of youth and the vagaries of life that make Pastorini, at 29, a relatively old football player and me, at the same age, a relatively young writer. I ask Pastorini if he feels old.

"Weathered," he says after thinking for a while. "I feel weathered. The point is starting to chip off. There is something about the pro game that taints one's perspective. As a kid you really want it, but when you get there it's a whole different world. It's nothing but entertainment. Hollywood."

Pastorini sighs, and then smiles at his own cynicism. "I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't played pro ball. Been a bartender, something. . . But this is what I want to do. It's all I know."

I mentioned that as a layman I am rather impressed with his status as a veteran NFL quarterback.

"Status doesn't mean anything," he says with a wave of his hand. "Status eats lunch. I know there aren't a lot of guys who play pro football, but I don't think anyone really gives a damn. I mean, somebody's got to play it."

On Sunday he'll take painkillers so he can play. He'll wear his flak jacket, but before that he'll have Novocaine injected into the tissue surrounding his broken ribs so that he won't feel anything even if the jacket is worthless. The thought makes me involuntarily contract my diaphragm and bounce my feet.

I ask Pastorini if he's ever wondered whether his eight years in pro football have been worth it.

"Funny you should ask," he says. "I was just thinking about that when we beat Pittsburgh a few weeks ago on Monday night TV, the game that sort of started things rolling this year. I was sitting in front of my locker after the game, staring off in a daze. Gifford Nielsen, the rookie quarterback from Brigham Young, was sitting next to me and he said, 'Dan, where are you?'"

"I just looked at him in a sort of fatherly way and smiled. I was like an old man looking at a kid. I said, 'Giff, you don't know what has happened here in eight years. I've been through it all. I hope you don't have to go through it.' But then I thought some more and I said, 'Hey, you know, I think it was all worth it, just being here with these guys tonight. Other people have families, but this is my family.' I'm not sure he knew what I was talking about."

The Oilers beat the Saints last Sunday 17-12 to guarantee themselves a playoff spot. Pastorini, encased in his tailored balloon, completed 12 of 18 passes for 136 yards and a fourth-quarter touchdown that provided the winning margin.

Thinking about my conversations with Gray and Pastorini, I realized that meeting them was something I should have done long before. For years I'd been telling people about my failure in the East-West Game, becoming, I suspect, somewhat of a bore in my constant search for sympathy. Not long ago I had run into Adamle. "Hey, Mike," I said, "do you remember the time when I fell down in the East-West Game?" He smacked his head with his open palm. "Still?"

But meeting one's conquerors puts many of those old problems to rest. I feel now that I have gained two friends in Gray and Pastorini, and that my perspective on the incident is at last healthy and correct. I can live with my stumble.

Watching football these days fills me with memories, makes me feel somewhat wizened and sage and just a bit sad. But it also makes me think about chance and fate and talent and the role each plays in each of our lives. And it makes me wonder if we would change that many things in the past, even if we could.

END

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THE PISTOL

Sir

Once again, I was delighted by Curry (King of the Quill) Kirkpatrick's wonderful style (*No One Can Cap the Pistol*, Dec. 4). His story on Pete Maravich was another in a long line of masterpieces. Kirkpatrick does for sports-writing what the Pistol does for basketball—delight the audience with “Where the heck did that come from?” moves.

DAVID K. DAVIS
San Jose, Calif.

Sir

Pistol Pete Maravich does “expose every nerve and emotion on the court.” Although I graduated from Tulane, I am happy to say that I was at the game in which the Pistol scored 66 points against the Green Wave. He made the basketball talk that night—and he still does.

HOWARD C. BERNAN
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir

Without a doubt, Pistol Pete is the most exciting player in the game today. But with only the Pistol and “the Power” (Truck Robinson) to put up against the best teams in the NBA, how can the Jazz expect to win? They need to get a strong center before they can have any playoff hopes.

JAY A. VINEG
Hamden, Conn.

Sir

Bob Lanier is right. With a little more help around him (such as the help Dr. J and David Thompson have), Pete Maravich would be all-everything. In fact, he just might be right now.

HARVEY SLAVIN
Miami

Sir

Why does Curry Kirkpatrick mar an otherwise very well-written article on Pete Maravich by using an irresponsible quote from a “local man”? “He’s the white who makes the blacks look bad. He’s the white who got the 68 points off Walt Frazier. New Orleans is the original town where blacks were ‘jigs’! They still are. New Orleans gets off on the Pistol doing it to jigs!”

So what if Maravich got 68 points off Frazier. That quote does a disservice not only to blacks living in New Orleans, but also to blacks everywhere and to the city of New Orleans. I believe that’s where we “jigs” created the only true American music—jazz. I question Kirkpatrick’s judgment, but I’ve always enjoyed his work.

GEORGE HARVEY JR.
Pasadena, Calif.

BALLHEAD

Sir

Please tell the country who the original “Ballhead” really is. Ever since I decided to attend basketball games wearing a Spalding basketball on my head, I’ve run into problems concerning impostors.

During last year’s NCAA basketball finals, a fan was shown on the screen with a basketball resting on his head. And now you have printed Rob Kauffman’s basketball artwork, including a drawing showing a person with a basketball for a head (*What’s Going On Around and Around Here?*, Dec. 4). Now when basketball fans see me, they will think that I’m the impostor.

So please tell the sports fans of America that I, Andy White, am the one and only original “Ballhead.” In fact, one of your photographers took several pictures of me last year at a Philadelphia 76ers playoff game.

ANDY WHITE
Malvern, Pa.

• For a look at “Ballhead” White in action, see below.—ED



CAMPBELL IS COMING!

Sir

Congratulations to Heinz Klumtmeier on his excellent cover photograph (Dec. 4). It shows not only the probable NFL Offensive Player of the Year (Earl Campbell) but also the man who, in my opinion, deserves to be named Rookie Defensive Player of the Year—Cincinnati Bengal Defensive Tackle Ross Browner.

JOHN SHALANKO
Greenville, Ill.

Sir

Earl Campbell and Ross Browner played against each other in last season’s Cotton Bowl. Browner had the edge in that meeting

as Notre Dame stopped No. 1 Texas to win the national championship. It looks as if the tables have been turned.

JAMES DREW
Orange, Iowa

Sir

You know what I like about Earl Campbell? Forget that he blocks like a bridge abutment, that he charges harder than a farrowed sow, that he breaks more tackles than a bull breaks plates. What I like about the man is that he can win without forgetting that he can lose.

In an era in which most superstars merely give off heat, Earl Campbell truly shines.

DON PIGGLEY
Los Angeles

Sir

Your article on the Houston “Earl-ers” revealed Earl Campbell to be the athlete and gentleman that he is. I couldn’t agree more that Campbell should be the NFL’s Rookie of the Year. But to say that Terry Bradshaw is the “only” player now challenging Campbell as the NFL Player of the Year is going a little too far. Let’s not forget Roger Staubach! Roger is having another fine season and is leading the revived Cowboys toward their second consecutive world championship.

NICK DOOLEY
Longview, Wash.

CHEERS AND JEERS

Sir

Frank Deford’s article (*As I Sit In*, Dec. 4) upholds the status quo in football when what we really need is a return to the game as a skilled contest. Violent mock heroics and peekaboo cheerleader outcries are the NFL owners’ answer to fan boredom with an increasingly unexciting sport. New rules and less PR are needed, not apologies for football eroticism.

As an ex-high school “ette,” I can assure Deford that trotting around a freezing football field in boots and Band-Aids can cure one of football heroics forever. As for drink and stadium romancing, I would like to remind Deford that while whiskey warms, it also stupifies.

Yes, firing pop cheerleaders for posing nude is hypocritical, but not because God created the NFL and then said, “Let there be cheerleaders to arouse the fans while the officials pace off yardage.” This kind of chicken-and-egg logic just leaves Deford with sexist yips all over his imaginary shoulder pads.

CARLA EHLICH
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir

My sense of humor deserted me as I read Frank Deford’s infuriating commentary on

women and football. The cheerleaders at football games may well be "there to be looked at," but women spectators certainly are not. I spent the better part of my childhood in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium (in spite of the hard seats and the chill in the air) watching the Colts play, and to this day I am more knowledgeable about football than most men I know. So please don't try to make me believe that "women can't stand the stupid game."

MARCIE N. GREENBERG
Carboro, N.C.

Sir

Frank Deford's analysis of football reveals the necessity for having guardians of public decency. Frank's justification for the half-naked cheerleaders is an example of the *Hus-nermentality*.

Little by little, this country has compromised its moral standards. It's no wonder the divorce rate is so high. What's next? Topless cheerleaders? Tell us your article was just a joke, Frank. Surely you don't believe what you wrote. I propose that we clean up football—on the field and on the sidelines.

RICK PAXTON
Hopkinsville, Ky.

Sir

Thank you for including flag girls as girls "to be looked at" at football games. We think that we are pretty sexy, too.

MOLLY DALTON
Captain
Baltimore Colts Flag Corps
Fallston, Md.

FAIRBANKS' PICKS

Sir

I was very pleased to read your article on Steve Nelson, the New England Patriots' inside linebacker (*Meddlesome Man in the Middle*, Dec. 4). Nelson is one of the many superb draft choices made by Coach Chuck Fairbanks, who has taken a cellar-dwelling team and turned it into a Super Bowl contender. Fairbanks is unsurpassed in his drafting ability, coming up with such players as John Hannah, Mike Haynes, Tim Fox, Sam (Bam) Cunningham, Russ Francis and Steve Grogan.

STEVEN H. FAIRBANKS
Winthrop, Maine

NO SYMPATHY

Sir

In his article on Detroit's millionaire golfer, Rogatien Vachon (*What Has Red Wings but Won't Fly?*, Dec. 4), E. M. Swift has convinced your magazine's traditional blindness to the fact that high salaries have a direct bearing on diminished performance. Why should Vachon retain his desire to excel when there is no longer any monetary incentive (or any danger of unemployment)?

It is ludicrous to assign the cause of Vachon's problem to a change in uniform number. It's all those greenbacks.

ROB WEINBERG
Hanover, N.H.

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

FINAL NOMINATIONS

Sir: Sportsman of the Year? Who's better than Pistol Pete Maravich? Nobody!

BART WIENER
Meredith, N.H.

Sir: Bobby Hall and Bobby Orr

STEVEN PAUL KESSLER
Skokie, Ill.

Sir: Larry Holmes

STEVE KIRSCH
Springersown, Pa.

Sir: Muhammad Ali

DAVID O'DONNELL
Waldport, Ore.

Sir: Henry Bone and Tracy Carikins

KEVIN FLOOD
KEN KUCZKA
Opden Dunes, Ind.

Sir: Bill Rodgers is still 26 miles and 385 yards ahead of everyone else.

HOWARD SMITH
Arcadia, Calif.

Sir: Tom Watson

GEORGE KERDOFF III
Topeka, Kans.

Sir: Earl Campbell

PAT B. QUINN
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Sir: Gaylord Perry

KEN DAVENPORT
Dana Point, Calif.

Sir: Motorcycleist Kenny Roberts

DAVID HUMPHREY
Pittsburgh

Sir: Gymnast Karst Thomas

SELVE MARTIN
Terre Haute, Ind.

Sir: Skier Phil Mahre

BRIAN VEIT
Fargo, N. Dak.

KEANEY'S CONTRIBUTIONS

Sir: What a thrill to find Murray Klein's superb YESTERDAY piece (Nov. 27) on Frank Keane, who coached and taught at the University of Rhode Island from 1921 through 1948. I grew up on the campus (my dad, Dr. Carl R. Woodward, was president from 1941 to 1958). Although I never played for Coach Keane, my life has been influenced by him. He inspired young men to believe in themselves and to accomplish ends that they would not have dared dream of if it hadn't been for his enthusiasm, sense of humor and love of the game. During basketball season, under-

graduates, faculty members and neighborhood kids half-filled the gym to watch practice and thus flamboyant but lovable genius at work. And Coach Keane always had time for us kids.

WILLIAM V. WOODWARD
Assistant Principal
Suffern High School
Suffern, N.Y.

EARTOW, GARDNER & MCQUIRE

Sir: I enjoyed Joe Jares' article on Gene Bartow and the University of Alabama in Birmingham (Branching Out into the Big Time, Dec. 4). You erred, though, in stating that Bartow and Jack Gardner are the only coaches to take teams from two different schools to the final four of the NCAA tournament. Frank McGuire of the University of South Carolina has also taken two different teams to the final four. St. John's in 1952 and North Carolina in 1957, when it won the national title.

MICHAEL LOVETTE
Fair Bluff, N.C.

TOO MANY OVERTIMES

Sir: If all high schools would adopt the National Federation of State High School Associations' soccer rules, there would not be 14 overtime periods or 269-minute contests (SCORECARD, Nov. 27). Such games are of questionable educational value and present a safety hazard to the participants.

Under the current National Federation rules (1978-79 edition) for tournament play, if a tie exists after a regulation game, the teams play two five-minute overtime periods. If a tie still exists, they play not more than two five-minute, sudden-death overtime periods. And if the teams are still tied, they resort to penalty kicks or the North American Soccer League "shoot-out" procedure.

ALVIN L. SCHALGE
Member
National Federation
Soccer Rules Committee
Littleton, Colo.

Sir: I was in India about six years ago, and here is what many of the schools and some professional teams did to avoid overlong matches. If the teams remained tied after one or two 10-minute overtime periods, each team chose five players, and each of them took a penalty kick against the opposing goalkeeper. Whichever team had the most goals won. If the score was still even, then the next five players took penalty kicks. This seems like a sensible way to decide the issue.

PRABU DEVANESAN
Lincoln, Neb.

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